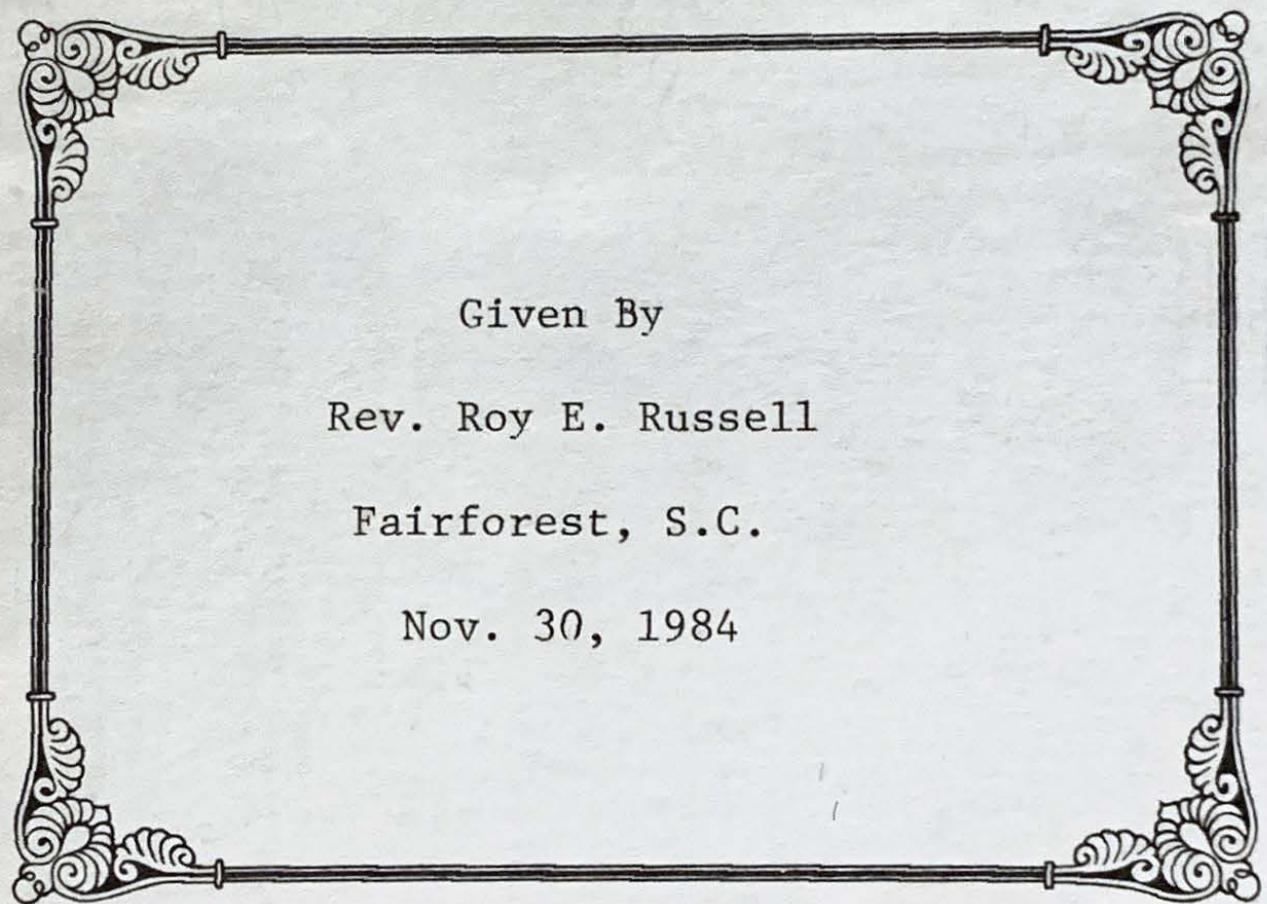


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# I BELIEVE IN MAN

BY

Judge Leon McCord

046063



NEW YORK AND LONDON

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1929

AVERYT LEARNING CENTER  
NORTH GREENVILLE COLLEGE  
TIGERVILLE, S. C. 29688

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DEDICATED TO  
MAY IRENE McCORD

*Welfare worker, Psychiatrist and Friend of Children, at whose suggestion  
this book was written*



## PREFACE

*For many years, mine has been the duty to sit in judgment on my fellows. In the course of those years, every crime known to man has walked into the courthouse where I work and stood for trial. The thug and the killer, the bandit and the gunman, the fox and the jackal, the harpy and the ghoul, have passed in that long, long line, in the grim old house of justice where I sit as a judge.*

*Mine has been a busy life; the years that carried hot blood have passed into yesterday. I find myself, at high noon, anxious to aid in building a finer sort of man. So that, from the Storehouse of Experience, I am just now sending you some of my children for a visit. They carry no airs; they are not well dressed; and a number of them are chubby and short of stature. Nevertheless, I bespeak for them a fund of common sense, an eagerness to serve, to hold for you the torch, to the end that you may find the roadway to bigger and better things. Please get acquainted with them. If*



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## *Chapter I*

### THE OLD MILL

THE place in which I earn my living is an old, old mill house. It is open all the year. The grist is ground from flesh and blood and bone.

There have gone out from this old mill house today, as finished product, nineteen young men, their ages ranging from eighteen to thirty years, gone to perform penal servitude. They were numbered like so many cattle. They will be seen no more in the lights and shadows of home life; for a term of years they will walk no more with men. They were, in many instances, as handsome as your boy who chats with you across the table to-night.

You may be interested in knowing where we secure the material that goes into the finished product of this mill. Last year, after eleven young men had gone to prison for the commission of crimes, ranging from larceny to murder, I left the old mill and went into the homes of each of these boys, searching for the reason why they became

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grist for this old mill. The quest carried to many cities and towns and into several states.

The crime of one of these boys was the larceny of an automobile. The mother of that boy was educated, refined, and a leader in church and social affairs. We sat through the evening talking of her boy. She explained over and over again that he was "as innocent as the angels in heaven." When I replied by saying that after his conviction, after going through the mill, he confessed to me every detail of the whole sordid story, she grew angry, and the big mother heart of her came to the fore to fight for her boy. Mother love had blinded that woman to every fault of her son. She was, in his bringing up, always mother, and never judge. Moreover, she was guilty of larceny; this for the reason that she had stolen from her boy his chance to know right from wrong, to know good from evil. When he first stubbed his little feet on a chair, that mother gave him a stick with which to belabor the chair. When he went to battle with his playmate, mother ruled that he was right and the playmate was wrong. When he grew older, he drew a knife on his teacher and again mother decided that he was right and the teacher was wrong. He won from his mother a decision in every argument, every difference, and every contest, all along the way from the cradle to

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young manhood. The only case that boy ever lost was the one in that old, old mill house where I work.

From another home came one of these boys who had learned to be a "second-story man." He specialized in burglarizing dwelling houses of money, jewels and silver plate. As a child, he was always in the way. Father never found time to explain child problems and child questions to this boy; his elder sister never played with him, never helped him with his lessons, never wanted him for a companion, and his mother was always too tired to give him a hearing. He was told to go out and play, to "keep out of the way"; and so he went out of the house, out of the yard, out of their hearts, and out of their lives. He found crooked companions, and they traveled crooked paths, until he was led into the old, old mill house where I work.

One of these young criminals was the son of a "Fox." His father bought and sold livestock. He would take a worn-out animal, paint out the gray hair, make it the original color, and thus fool the buyer. At night, this father gathered together a band of his cronies, and they would drink and gamble in an upstairs room. The boy would watch them until he fell asleep, with his head pillow'd on an old saddle, a horse blanket for a

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bed. His mother being dead, he grew up with his father and his father's companions. His little eyes grew beady and cunning, he was the son of a "Fox." He became a "confidence man." He swindled and defrauded his fellows by selling them spurious stocks and bonds, and a "sure-shot" pool on horse races. The only door that father ever opened to his motherless boy led to the old, old mill house where I work.

Whether or not there will be waste material enough in the tomorrow of America to feed into these mills of justice, to manufacture therefrom a finished product in the way of convicts for our penal institutions, will depend, very largely, on just how the parents of today rear their children.

The day is done, and the wheels of justice are silent. The bailiffs are closing the doors, and their footsteps, as they cross the silent corridors, give back a sound that is hollow and dead. The old, old mill house looms grim and cold in the wash of the moon.

As I walk out beneath the stars I am anxious about your boy.



## *Chapter II*

### THE MOTHER OF CRIME

FOR over twelve years I have been committing men and women to penal institutions. In that time nearly every crime worth the naming has walked into the courthouse where I work. I have often been called upon to name the mother of crime. I answer without hesitation —Idleness.

Nine out of every ten criminals, long before they arm themselves with pistols and blackjacks, jimmies and nitroglycerin, carry, concealed about their persons, idleness.

Some one has said that "An idle brain is the devil's workshop," and certain it is that an idle body aids crime to enter that upper chamber.

Our penal institutions are being filled today by men and women, a large majority of whom do not know how to work and have never worked. They were idlers and loafers before they were criminals.

An army of splendid children is just now marching through our public schools. Fine, up-

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standing young folk they are. If so minded, one can easily pick out from that long line the coming failures. You have only to select the ones who have no tasks to perform, no work to do when school is out. It is not enough that they know their lessons, make the grades and pass. All this is good, but an education is not complete unless one knows how to work both mentally and physically; how to hold to the task when it grows hard, when the hours seem long, and the body cries out for rest and repose.

The boys who know the value of a holiday off, who have toiled until bitter bread seems sweet, will be the ones who will take the places of responsibility in the future. They will be found on the jury, and not before the jury.

Two boys stood for sentence. The crime was the larceny of an automobile. When they left home, the party consisted of five boys, out to see the world. They dwindled to two, for the reason that along the way three secured work—one as a baker, the next as a garage workman, and the third as a waiter. The last two did not know how to work, they were unacquainted with it, and so they were stripped of names and given numbers.

Nine out of every ten divorce cases come into court for the reason that one or both of the parties to the marital contract did not work. I am mind-

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ful that this is not in the bill of complaint, but it is the fundamental reason, the reason in the background.

You have reared a good boy. He knows how to work and holds down a responsible position. He meets one of those pretty girls with cheeks like the sunny side of a June peach and eyes like a runaway horse. Of course, he falls in love with her. She has never been taught to work, and hence does not work; mother has been waiting on her since she toddled out of the nursery; she goes to bed, as a rule, along about 2:30 in the morning and is up about high noon. They are married, and after your good boy has left that wife sleeping for fifty successive mornings, and hurried off to work without breakfast, the time comes when he runs by the home place and mother gives him a warm breakfast. In a little while they come down to the courthouse and tell it to the judge.

Yes, I know about your girl! She is just splendid. She led her class in school; she is a good girl, cultured and refined; she knows how to work and does work. She is married to a sheik, one of those boys who uses the car and permits his mother to walk; has to be pried from bed each morning, and complains that the breakfast is cold; all his life he has asked for spending money and

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it was given him; he does not work, and was not taught to work. Yes, I know your girl! Her decree for divorce was granted yesterday.

Idleness is the hotbed of temptation, the cradle of disease, and the mother of crime. It signboards the way toward beggary and want. It carries a master key to every penitentiary in the world.

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*Chapter III*

BONDAGE

OVER eight hundred convicts sat at table. It was the evening meal. The flood of light added to the pallor of their faces. They supped in silence. Flanking every side of the room were cold bars, bars of steel, which shut them in from the world. They were human numbers, felons, slaves, the misfits and failures of the generation.

On the outside, walking among men, move other hundreds and thousands of the children who also are slaves. They are not free. They are bound out, and must serve. They toil for their masters. Sometimes they complain of the bondage, seek a parole or pardon, but the masters are brutal and unforgiving, and so, nearly always, their cries are lost in the night.

This body that carries the soul through the world takes on habits and hugs them closer as the years go by. It first becomes the companion of habit, then the servant, and finally the slave. Now and then it goes to battle with this master,

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but when habit has become master, it many times destroys the will; the fight is not for long. The servitude continues.

If avarice, greed, lust, and hate are woven into the warp and woof of your life, then you are in bondage. You are in slavery. You work for these masters. They own your body, and you are not free. You are permitted to look up and see the blue of the skies, to vision the hills and valleys, and listen to the songbirds; but all the same, you are in bondage. These masters continually call you to labor in their service. You must wait on them. You must cringe and crawl in their presence.

The world stands just now in need of leaders who can and will direct the work of progress in the arts and sciences, in agriculture and the industries. A gesture was made in your direction, but, upon a closer inspection, it was found that you had already taken service. You were bound out. You were in slavery. You had become the slave of sinful habits, and hence employment was not offered to you.

Would you be free? Would you stand up clean and straight, with the rich red blood tingling through your veins? Would you receive a call from the fighting-line? There is just one way open to you. If you will call God into your life;

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if you will have the courage to seek his aid in cleaning house and in keeping it clean; if you will ask him to take you out of bondage, he will issue to you a pardon and set you free.

"And ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."



## *Chapter IV*

### THE BRIDGE BUILDER

IN RICH America we are trained to the minute, when it comes to giving of our means to suffering humanity. We thrill with it. Find us poverty and hunger, and we come to the relief on the instant; but the quaint old homely adages, "A stitch in time saves nine" and "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure," have been left up the road with the wagon and buggy. We neglected to load them into the automobile.

To pay rent and supply food to a family who are sick and in want is poetry. We respond willingly and eagerly; but to aid the head of the house to secure honest employment, and thus prevent want and poverty from overtaking his family, is prose, and we show little interest.

An unfortunate woman trod upon a banana peel and fell upon the street; a passer-by rushed to the rescue, and willing hands aided in the succor and relief. It brought forth unstinted praise from the curious crowd who gathered. The min-

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istering hands were kind and good, their sympathy and instant help deserved commendation; but the thoughtful man who removed the banana peel from the sidewalk attracted little attention and not one word of praise.

The car had left the highway at a sharp curve and was surrounded by a crowd who pushed and shoved and labored heroically to force it back to the way. The owner of the car, when the task had been performed, thanked the helpers over and over again. It was a beautiful and unselfish service, but the man who later placed a winking red light at the base of this road curve, and thereby kept the fast-moving automobiles to the highway, has never yet been thanked. We have neglected to find him out and acclaim him benefactor and friend.

We were grateful to the traveler who stopped and aided us to change a tire, and to him expressed our gratitude, but the man who removed from the roadway a board filled with upstanding nails, resides on Route 3, Box 64, and has never received a card of thanks.

Within your reach and influence is a young man who is just now forming habits and making associates that will in the end bring disaster and ruin. You are standing by half-amused as he takes on speed. It would be so easy to give him a

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little advice, to put your hand on his shoulder, get close to him, and warn him of the pitfalls down the road. It would give the world on the morrow, perhaps, a good doctor, banker or farmer instead of a felon. It would keep the road open and take from the shoulders of your fellows the burden of removing a wreck further down the road.

The young life of America is a challenge to you. They are yet sweet and clean, and have aspirations and hopes that soar as high as the morning star. They possess little road information; hot blood calls for speed, and they are soon to be on the way.

You know the road. The sharp curves, the pitfalls, and the unbridged streams are printed on your road map in red. You can make of that road a better and safer way for these children. If you hold in your heart love of mankind; if the world sees in you an example of the Golden Rule; if the children have come to love and trust you; if they have come face to face with the Master because of you, then you are building bridges across the pitfalls of selfishness and sin, across the chasms of avarice, greed, and hate, and the children of the nation will find the roadway open to a nobler and better life.

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Miss Will Allen Dromgoole spoke for us when she said:

"An old man, going a lone highway,  
Came at the evening, cold and gray,  
To a chasm vast and wide and steep,  
With waters rolling cold and deep.  
The old man crossed in the twilight dim,  
For that sullen stream had no fear for him;  
But he turned when safe on the other side  
And built a bridge to span the tide.

"'Old man,' said a fellow pilgrim near,  
'You are wasting your strength with building here;  
Your journey will end with the ending day,  
And you ne'er again will pass this way;  
You've crossed the chasm deep and wide:  
Why build you the bridge at eventide?'

"The builder lifted his old, gray head,—  
'Good friend, in the path I have come,' he said,  
'There followeth after me today,  
A youth whose feet must pass this way.  
This chasm that has been as naught to me,  
To that fair-haired youth may a pitfall be;  
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim,—  
Good friend, I am building this bridge for him.'"

<sup>1</sup> From "Rare Old Chums," by Will Allen Dromgoole, published by L. C. Page & Co.

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## Chapter V

### THE WRECKING CREW

"I HAVE spent all my days, since young manhood with the wrecking crew," said a gray old man. He was speaking of that noble band of railroad workers who remove wrecks, who clear the tracks that the trains may go on their way. After all, they have been misnamed. They belong to the constructors and builders. They should be called the "Trouble Fixers." They do not wreck, but remove wrecks.

But the wrecking crew tear down; they wound and maim and kill their fellows. I know a great many men and women who have spent nearly all their working days in its service; they feast and fill and fatten on the heartaches of men.

Did you ever read carefully the travels and work of Christ while on earth? He was always helping the weak and the sick and the erring; he wanted always to relieve pain and suffering. Some of the things he said strike through selfishness and hate like a sunbeam through a cloud: "Arise and walk" . . . "Go and sin no more"

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. . . "Forgive your brother seventy times seven" . . . "Forgive them, for they know not what they do." Study him where you will, and you can never find where he served with the wrecking crew.

Why, just any kind of unskilled labor can raze that building across the street, but when you would build, when you would construct something, the lot of them must be called off the job and real artisans, mechanics and carpenters take their places. Keep this in your mind: the wrecking crew does not build; it tears down.

When you hear some one referred to as a "knocker," it is only the use of slang. If one should speak correctly, they would say, "He belongs to the wrecking crew." This for the reason that men and women in the service of that company never build a bridge, never create a landscape, never visit the sick, never relieve the distressed, oppressed, and erring. They never join in constructive work; they only tear down, in the service of the wrecking crew.

I would enlist you in a noble endeavor, and have it become a part of you: When you hear one of your fellows criticize unjustly, just quietly ask the question, "When did *you* join the wrecking crew?" When you hear ugly criticism, which is part slander and part cheap gossip; when you

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hear neighbor speak ill of neighbor without cause; when you are listening in on the Ancient and Independent Order of Gossipers, have the courage to rise up and ask: "When did you join the wrecking crew?"

In the world just now is much unfinished work, and laborers are needed. If you are thinking of changing your position, if you are willing to take punishment and wait for payday, I invite you to leave the service of the Wrecking Crew and aid in building a finer sort of man.

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### *Chapter VI*

#### THE SCOFFER

FROM the days when man wrote only a meager tale of his doings, down to the present, the scoffer has occupied the sidelines along the path of human progress. He has jeered and scoffed at the marchers in the roadway.

When you see a church, a school, a bridge, a newspaper, a telephone, a radio, and a thousand other inventions useful to mankind, just remember that the scoffer ridiculed and laughed to scorn the inventors and builders. He has held up and hindered progress in every age and in every clime, and he speaks a universal language.

The scoffer never travels with progress; he holds no ideals, and he yearns for no goal. He pays homage to no creature save himself, and he regards his opinions as being the decrees of a court of last resort. He loves the music that is discordant and ugly, he points out the thorns among the roses, and he revels in the day that is dark and lowering. In the bramble-grown potter's field of history lie the sacred remains of much

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that was loftiest, truest, and best in human endeavor and human ideals, done to death by the scoffer.

The marchers along the highway of progress are taunted by the scoffer with his pet phrase, "It can't be done"; and when the weak and weary become confused, falter for a moment, and fall, his derisive cry, "I told you so!" can be heard above the words of comfort and cheer that marchers and workers are offering the stricken.

A scoffer once told Napoleon that he could not cross the Alps with his army. The great Corsican answered, "To Napoleon there are no Alps." The scoffer chided Christopher Columbus to the point where his sailors threatened his life. His answer was—America. Washington, with his ragged little army, wrapped in a blanket of snow at Valley Forge, was compelled to beat back the scoffer before he gave liberty to this republic.

There was once a shepherd boy who lived to be acclaimed king. He helped the world mightily when he said, "Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful."

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### *Chapter VII*

#### THE TRAIL OF THE SERPENT

THERE is a dead-line of hate between the serpent and man. It is old as pain and it will last to the end of the trail. The young and the old become anxious and uneasy when they come upon the trail of the serpent. It is a danger signal. The serpent may be coiled nearby, ready to strike and poison and kill with his deadly virus.

Like unto the trail of the serpent is the Scandal-monger, the Tattler, and the Gossip. They harry and wound the children of men, and they feast and fill and fatten on the reputation and character of their fellows.

I carry no weapon with which to make war against honest criticism, against those who fully and frankly discuss the news, the doings of neighbors and friends, the position of preachers and teachers and officials; but I bear arms this day against those assassins of character who gossip and tattle away the reputation of their fellows with no evidence to support them save the vague

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and hazy "They Say" strawman witness, which they put forward.

Numbers of great and good men and women have been poisoned and have gone down under the calumny of these idle busybodies. Temples, churches, and schools have been destroyed by them, and some of our bravest and best bear their scars.

I know a wonderful woman who years ago committed a great wrong. The Master must have forgiven her, since she has long been ministering to the weak and erring, the sick and afflicted. Yes, she has gone to battle with the enemies of child life on every street and in every alley; she never tires and never complains. Her hair is white now, snow-white; but these scorpions will not permit her to rest. They find time to crucify her all over again as the years go by.

When these gossips run out of material, they comb the divorce dockets for scandal. Like vultures they turn the pages seeking for victims of the marital wrecks to feed upon.

When the gossips and tattlers fail to find something mean and ugly and sordid about the man or woman under discussion, they immediately change the subject.

If one must go into the service of the devil,

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why not take a real place, like safe-blowing or robbery? Why this scavenger job of gossiping?

If you have come into possession of something ugly and wrong about your fellows, unless the telling will help society, or bring justice to the fore, then, in the name of all that is decent, keep it to yourself. Too many know about it already.

"Slander shuns a clean mind. There is something unclean in us when we love to dwell upon the diseases of society. Arson, stealing and murder are sins that have no palliation; but roll them into one black lump, and they pale before the crime of murdering a reputation. Let us look for the good in our brothers and encourage it to grow with recognition."

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## Chapter VIII

### CHARACTER

I KNOW of no picture more tragic or pathetic than that of King David, waiting at the gate for news of his son Absalom. From childhood, I have seen in fancy that old man standing there, anxious about his wayward and treasonable son. The picture holds and fascinates. Absalom, handsome, debonair, and commanding, was the king's favorite, and he was also a favorite with the people. One day he cast right and justice into the discard and launched an insurrection against his father's throne. The old king stood at the gate waiting for news—not news of the battle, but news of his son. "Is it well with the boy?" he asked of the messenger. I am of opinion the death of his boy really broke the heart of that old man.

Here we find a boy who was ambitious. He was handsome. He was educated above his fellows, and by right of inheritance was one day to be ruler. What he lacked was what destroyed him: there was no granite or steel in his make-up;

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he was a weak and vacillating character. He had the ambition to be king, without a shred of kingly qualities. And so Absalom stands there in the roadway of history, a pitiful spectacle, and good only for purposes of illustration.

A few months ago, a young fellow, who wanted much to get started in business, was out of employment. He needed money. He was told that he could make money by going into the speakeasy business and he fell for it. Things went well for a while. He owned automobiles, he dressed in the height of fashion, and was pointed out as living on Easy Street. Then he commenced going down hill; bad habits, bad associates, and dissipation took their toll. One day he stood in court for sentence; all that was left after his seeming prosperity was a diseased body. What that boy lacked was what Absalom lacked—character.

Since the world was young, men and women have tried to succeed by climbing up some other way—some route other than the straight. They have always failed; but it seems that in each generation there are numbers who will not believe. They must be shown. But the lessons they learn from experience often come too late. They go to the port of missing men.

Character is not inherited; it does not come by descent or distribution. Birth, wealth, talents,

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station, do not develop character. In all cases, and under every sun, character is the fruit of personal exertion and personal endeavor.

If you read good, clean books, if you keep good company, in a little while you will learn to love both. Then it is that you have commenced building for yourself a character, without which you need not expect to succeed. Put a pin in this: If you lack character, then you have nothing the world needs or wants. You may have good looks, you may have a good father who stands well in the community, and you may have prestige. So did Absalom. You propose to make your way by fooling the world. So did Absalom. You are going to be so cunning that you will not be found out, and thus succeed. Absalom tried this. You are going to be a good fellow, and slap men on the back, and shirk work, and live by your wits. Absalom tried this, also.

Yes, you may lose friends and fortune, lose your way and breast the storms of life in threadbare garb, but if Character bear you company, certain it is that she will lead you again to the highway of happiness and peace.



## *Chapter IX*

### SIGNBOARDS

A PARTY of tourists sat in the lobby of a downtown hotel. They had just alighted from an automobile which came to rest between the white lines against the street. They had cast off raincoats and wraps, and sat talking as the storm raged outside. One of the party said, "I shall always be thankful to the man who placed the signboards for us along that mountain road."

Here is a man who was grateful. He was thanking an unknown friend who had placed signboards along the way, signboards that had guided him through the storm and into a haven of light and comfort. They had never met; they did not know each other; and yet, from that night on, they had become comrades and friends.

I watched an engineer as he "oiled around," just before the conductor's "All aboard!" sent the midnight express on its way. A lantern waved down the line of coaches, and that great thing of steel moved slowly down the track; it took on

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speed and noise as the wheels clacked against the web of switches in the yard; it glided between lights that were red and green, until a board far down the track signaled an open way; the great whistle blasted back an answer as the engine seemed to shake itself free of the town and thereafter plunged into the night. The signalman said to the driver of the express, "Your way is open; the track belongs to you," and the blast of the engineer's whistle answered back, "Thank you, I am on the way." Comrades in one grand undertaking had spoken to each other out of the night.

An automobile, covered with mud, fenders damaged and running-board smashed, limped into town. A mechanic at the garage was looking it over, and wanted to know how it happened. The driver of the car replied, "We saw no signboard, so we left the highway for a byway."

God's wayward and negligent children are leaving the highway for the byway every day. For there is a dearth of signboards. They are confronted with so many isms, dogmas and creeds that accurate road information is difficult to obtain.

If you possess gratitude, I would engage you this day in placing signboards along the way for your fellows. I would have you become the friend

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and comrade of countless thousands who must travel in your footsteps.

If your life and your work cheer the weak and the weary; if you bring sunshine and happiness into the home circle; if you minister to the sick and the afflicted; if the erring take heart from you; if little pinched faces grow happy because of you; if you have stood out for those things which are good and pure and clean—then truly you are placing signboards for your fellows. Such a life points the way past pitfalls and dangers, and is a signboard to the weary travelers who come after you to hold to the strait and narrow way which leads on to nobler and better things.

The world just now needs road information.

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## Chapter X

### JUSTICE

"TO GROW means often to suffer." It might well be added, that, to place mercy before justice often means to suffer.

The friends of a man convicted before me for a misdemeanor and given a ninety-day jail sentence, once interceded in his behalf, saying that he was the sole support of his wife and children. The sentence was suspended, and in thirty days he was killed in a drunken brawl. Because he went unwhipped of justice in the first instance, he lost his life in the end. When I set mercy before justice I gave the death penalty to that man.

An old mother cried out in court, "I wish I could take his place," as the jury filed in and convicted her boy, giving him a long penitentiary sentence. As her son was led away, the court bailiff told me that this mother had taken her boy's place many, many times in the past; had begged him off over and over again; had scrubbed for him; had toiled for him; had gone ragged that he might dress well; but in the end, he had to

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pay. Her mother love always led mercy to the fore when her boy sinned, but in the end that very love wrought his ruin.

Did you ever go back-stage, and take a look at the background of crime? I know you have read about it in the papers: how the culprit's sweetheart is staying by him, how handsome he is, and how fearless, what he eats and what he wears; but did you ever go back-stage and look at the havoc he has wrought?

Not long ago, just after several mechanics received their half-month's pay, bandits stuck them up and took their wages from them. One of these men held a roll of bills in his big hand and was smiling down on it as the gunmen thrust pistols into his face, forcing him to hand over the money. He was smiling for the reason that with this money he was to send his wife back home to visit the folks and allow his eldest girl to begin taking music lessons. Another was to send money to a hospital, where his little girl was being nursed back to health. Still another was going to make a payment on his home. Those holdup men brought sorrow and suffering into the lives of at least fifty people that morning, good, honest, hard-working people.

The average criminal, long before he has committed the crime for which he must serve a sen-

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tence of penal servitude, has been given not only one chance, but many chances. The neighbors talk to him, teachers and parents talk to him, officers caution him, and then comes a lenient judge who lectures him and extends another chance. Justice stands by and waits until that boy begins to think he can get away with almost any crime; and then comes the sentence. If justice had taken her toll in the first instance, it is highly probable that he would have been saved.

Many men and women who would not take a thin dime that did not belong to them, will nevertheless steal their children's future. They do not believe in punishment for children; they do not believe in rigid discipline. While their children are about their knees, they early learn to have their own way; they are left to choose for themselves without hindrance; and so it is that farther along the roadway of life, society not only punishes them, but, in many instances, puts them in stripes. They become felons.

"The rod and reproof give wisdom, but a child left to himself bringeth his mother to shame."



## *Chapter XI*

### THE LAW OF COMPENSATION

EVERY generation brings on a vast army of those who do not believe in and who try to escape the law of compensation. Every day you see those who are trying to beat this age-old law. No one can be happy in this world who gathers together ill-gotten gains. No one can be contented who cuts the corners of life.

The reason you are deceived is that you see so many who try to live right, but are poor, without money, and sick. They do not seem to be happy, and perhaps they are not happy. Then you see others who are living without the law, who seek and work only for self, yet they prosper; success seems to come to them; they grow in goods and chattels. You therefore conclude that there is nothing to this law of compensation.

Your faulty judgment lies in the hasty observation of those you have noted and watched. The man who is trying to live aright, who is earning honest bread, who is doing his best to make a family happy, may not seem to prosper, may not

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seem to be happy; but, if he holds to it, and if you hold to your observation of him, he will prove my case. On the other hand, the man who is living for self, who cuts the corners, who is always getting, regardless of the right of it, if you will observe him long enough, he, also, will prove my case.

Goods and chattels gotten unlawfully will, in the end, bring only unhappiness and destruction to those who have thus gained possession of them. They cannot beat this law of compensation. It is unbeatable. They must pay—it makes no difference what you think—they must pay.

If you are trying to obey the Golden Rule, if you are trying every day to make a good neighbor, a good husband, and a good father; if you look up to the Omnipotent each day and thank and trust him, the law of compensation operates, and you are happy and contented.

Mine has been the duty for years to look into the lives of those who break the laws, to fix punishment, and to see, if I can, why and how they have come to embrace crime. In all those years I have never found one really happy and contented man or woman who had broken the laws of God and man. Moreover, I have yet to find that man who has gotten goods and chattels unlawfully

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and dishonestly and who is happy and contented with them.

Thread the streets of any city and come upon that man who has entered upon a career of crime. A few minutes in his company will disclose to you that he is not finding joy in life. Such a test does not call for the expert. The face, the demeanor, and the hunted look tell the story.

An old criminal peered out through the bars of his cell. His face was mottled and scarred; his arms and chest were tattooed, and his nervous fingers flicked the ash from his cigarette as he talked. He was a burglar and plied his profession by breaking into stores and warehouses. He was on his way to do his fourth stretch in the penitentiary.

"Yes," he said, "this sentence is for ten years. I am too old to make it. This will be my finish." He rolled another cigarette and continued: "I have stolen enough goods to make me rich, but the 'fence' [the buyer] would beat the price down until I got nothing. I had to sell to him at his price, and beat it. I have ridden the rods when my hands would freeze to the steel."

He was the picture of despair as he ran the gamut of his crimes. "If I had worked for two dollars per day, I would have had more money," he continued. "The 'fence' bought my loot for a

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song. Now, I am old and through. I tried to beat the unbeatable game, and lost."

The law of compensation is the roulette wheel of life, the unbeatable game. It was codified centuries ago by a great Judge who said, "For whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."

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### *Chapter XII*

#### HOW THEY ARRIVE

THE average criminal, in the beginning, has no more idea of becoming a criminal than have you, who just now sit and read.

You have perhaps watched a boat loosed from its mooring. First, it drifted gently, then, as it gained the open waters, it took on speed, until finally it reached the current of the stream, where its movements became swift. It had arrived. It is like this with the boy and girl who become criminals. They begin by committing torts—there is a fascination about it; it is amusing to their friends; the audacity of their petty wrong-doings makes them the envy of their friends for a day; they commit greater wrongs which grow into misdemeanors—there is a sportive element about it that hurries them into other and larger fields of petty crime; they go further and faster. The time comes when they so frequently commit wrongs and petty crimes that they lose the respect of their friends and society and finally their own

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self-respect; then they are in the current and have reached the rapids. They have arrived.

The robber, the highwayman, the thief, and the killer all arrive by wrong thinking. They fill their minds and keep them filled with ugly, mean, low, and sordid thoughts; they nurse and nurture these thoughts until they come to light in the movements and acts of the thinker. Moreover, the mind commits crime long before the body. After the mind of each became criminal, it set the body to work, committing the crime.

The mind may become diseased, just as the body. One may not think on the coarse and the cruel, and then go out and execute the gentle and the manly. If you continually read yellow, sensual, and corrupt literature, you will seek low, cheap, and unclean companions. Just as you poison the body by the eating of impure food, so you poison the mind by feeding it low and unclean thoughts. From that time on, it is easy to arrive.

A few years ago a young fellow went to prison for embezzling money from the counting house where he was employed. He was handsome, well educated, and came from a home of refined and cultured people. He began by giving little parties to a very select company. They grew into drinking and gambling parties. The guests went down

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as he went down; they came from a lower stratum as he went lower; he lost money by way of gambling and that, together with the other money he had spent, involved him more and more deeply. He first took money from his employer, intending to replace it; he lost this and took more, until finally his speculations went beyond anything he could hope to return. He had arrived.

In these days, the surest shot to crime is through the speakeasy. Let the average young man sell whisky for a year and he emerges ripe for almost any crime in sight. It is the cancer of moral fiber.

The father of two boys sat in the courtroom as his two young sons were being sentenced to prison for larceny. His face was gray and haggard. When they were little fellows, they watched him break the laws of God and man. They had looked on as he defrauded and cheated his fellows. They had gone out the only door that father had ever opened for them, and it led them where the days are long, and the walls are high. They had arrived.



## Chapter XIII

### DRIFTWOOD

FOR years there sat opposite me a judge of much learning and wisdom. We possessed the same powers, under the law, and occupied the same offices. Back down the road in his life there must have been an epoch of tragedy. He had never married, was taciturn, and loved to be alone; yet through his nature there ran a deep and gentle stream of love for the weak and erring. When he did speak, every one within range of his voice listened. He has been away now many years—gone to that "undiscovered country."

A mighty river flows at the edge of the town, and once when this river was at floodtide, I stood on its bank with this judge and watched laborers gathering driftwood from its current. Its angry waters had spread over the entire lowlands, had combed from the woods and forests along its way the fallen timbers and débris, and just now the current was filled with the driftwood these laborers were busily engaged in salvaging.

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My companion looked on for a long time in silence, and then turning to me said, "It is so like life; many of us are born and live up where the waters are sweet and pure; others work their way upstream. We are eager to work the oars, to do our share and then we grow smug and content; the storms come, our barks go on the rocks, many fall into the waters, others give up and quit fighting; we become discouraged and drift with the tide; we lose faith in our fellows, then faith in life, and afterwards faith in God. Thereafter we become driftwood on the current of the river of life. Moreover, unless strong arms and brave hearts throw out the lifeline, we drift to the port of missing men." For a long time there was silence between us as we watched the laborers at their work, and then he continued, "You know old Peter was driftwood, and the Master salvaged him from the waters."

A close bond of friendship held between us throughout the years. When I would question him as to the work in hand, whether he might be engaged in giving another chance to a wayward boy, or perhaps, writing a letter recommending a parole for another, he would reply by saying, "I am trying to catch some driftwood."

This judge was too easy. He lacked "iron" and was swayed by sentiment. I said as much,

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when he extended clemency to a young boy who had committed a felony, permitting him to join the army. Our President had just declared war. A half-sad smile played across the face of my friend for a moment, and then he said, "I am trying to catch some driftwood."

The years slipped away, and the soldier boy of "another chance" came back. He was clean and rugged and had made a wonderful record at the front. His judge had gone away, so he gave me the thanks. As he stood there, framed in the doorway, wearing a citation medal and wound stripe, brave and clean, some one kept whispering, "I am trying to catch some driftwood."

One evening at twilight, as the shadows were drifting in from the river, an old mother came into the chambers and begged me to recommend a parole for her boy. I could not grant her request. She had walked a long way. I can yet vision the tired, patient old face. She asked leave to kneel there and pray. The request was granted, but all the time I felt it was only to gain sympathy. As she rose to her feet, she came near me and said, "Judge, my children were left without a father, and in trying to get for them bread, I never had a chance to raise them, but God is going to help me save my boy." It was the same old story

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—old as pain. I visited their place recently. That boy has paid off the mortgage on the farm, and he is a deacon in his church. He has come back and is staying back. He is making money and friends. That mother's religion, and that mother's God, went down into the penitentiary and laid hands on a thing that was only a number and made it into a man. As my car glided into the night, some one from the shadows kept whispering, "I am trying to catch some driftwood."

I have for a friend an old man who is a blacksmith's captain. In his young days he was addicted to the habit of strong drink. He often tells me this story: He had been on a protracted spree, lost his position, terrorized his wife and children, and left them in want. One night he came home drunken and reeling. As he staggered into the doorway he could see, by the light of a little kerosene lamp, back into the kitchen where his wife had the little ragged children about her and was down on her knees praying. Her poor haggard face was lifted, and her eyes were closed; each little face was peering up from the shadows. My friend staggered into the company and said, "Wife, pray for me!" The old fellow now owns a beautiful home, and the children are all happily married. Now and then I sit out an evening with this sweet, old-fashioned couple.

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"Yes," he says, "I was drifting to wreck and ruin, and the prayers of a good wife saved me."

Then as I walk home through the soft night, a judge, with a half-sad smile playing across his face, whispers to me from the shadows, "I am trying to catch some driftwood."

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### *Chapter XIV*

#### THE CRIME WAVE

FROM pulpit and pew, from editor and magazine writer, and from many of my brethren on the bench come thunderings upon the young people for the pace they now set and the lives they now live. From the back row, where we silver-heads sit, it does appear that the young life of America is going at a rapid pace; but when I hear and read the conclusions of many speakers and writers, I am constrained to believe that most of their conclusions are far-fetched, if not entirely erroneous.

Before the prohibition laws were well thumbed on the statute books, many of the young listened to their elders discussing them and expressing the avowed intention that they would break these laws. For several years the young of this nation have listened in on their elders as they inveighed against the prohibition laws and against those who stood for them. Many of these children are now grown; fresh in their memory are the remarks

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of their elders that certain laws on the statute books could, would, and should be broken.

Moreover, when men and women have stood out for these laws in public, and then behind the scenes have joined the many others who were against them and there broke these laws, the young people have not failed to see. Is it, therefore, any wonder that young people have come to this hour with an utter defiance of law? Is it any wonder that they speed automobiles, without regard for life, or seek thrills in thievery, larceny, or murder?

My father owned slaves, but along came my government and took them from him. When he complained, this government punished him. However much you may have sympathized with my father in his sufferings, would you regard his son as a just judge if he were to sit on a bench tomorrow and charge a jury that the government was guilty of treason, to call on the people to disregard the laws of the government as to slavery, and to trample the flag underfoot? That would be treason.

Would you regard me as a good citizen if I should inveigh against the slavery law as I walk among men? Not at all. Then how can you square yourself with good conscience and upright living by lending your aid and influence to the

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breaking down of the laws in regard to prohibition?

Our prohibition leaders have been calling on the courts and court officials for strict enforcement, force to the utmost. They make frontal attack on every one that takes issue with them. In the main, they have left off the teaching of temperance, the direct appeal to the child life to lead upright lives and to all mankind to obey these laws. They shout only for enforcement. They have been met by their brothers on the other side with the statement that these prohibition laws cannot be enforced, and, between the two factions, the children of the nation have come to young manhood and young womanhood with an utter disregard not only for the prohibition laws, but for all laws that front them with restraint.

The outstanding need of the hour in America is for men and women who obey these prohibition laws, and thereby set examples to the children of the republic. Regardless of your attitude on the prohibition question, it is your solemn duty to obey the prohibition laws. It is a huge task to bring men and women, who have withstood these laws, to a conception of their duty with reference to obeying them. We are hindered by those men and women who worked and voted for prohibition, and then, after it became the law, broke its

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commandments by drinking prohibited liquors. They are the Benedict Arnolds of this hour.

Every citizen who loves this republic owes it to his wife, his children, and loved ones, owes it to himself and to God, to obey the laws of the republic. It is your republic, right or wrong. Its laws are your laws.

You may not select the laws you will obey and the ones you will break and then expect your children to grow into law-abiding citizens. You may not have your children trained by thugs and highwaymen and expect them to grow into teachers and preachers. It may be that the law you elect to break will become a citation for your child to make a selection of the one he will break later on.

You may not invite the preacher in at the front door, and when he has gone, invite the bootlegger in at the back door, and then expect your babies to grow up with a proper respect for law and law enforcement. It is not done that way. They will not only feel contempt for you, but for all your laws which inhibit their wants and desires, and for your city, state, and republic, which try to enforce the laws.



## *Chapter XV*

### PROFANITY

ONE who steals, looks for a reward from what he gets. One who lies, seeks gain by getting even with an enemy, escaping some punishment, or possibly picturing himself a hero. But he who is profane, who swears and takes God's name in vain, gets no reward for his sin.

If men and women who use profanity could hear themselves, if they could know just how their language sounds, how it impresses their hearers, I am of opinion that profanity would soon become rare. In fact, it would almost disappear. It is so useless and unpardonable that, however much we may esteem the user of profanity, it tends to cheapen him in our estimation.

For one to lose his temper and become profane is bad enough; it shows lack of poise and control; it signboards the man as being weak; but the one who swears habitually, who uses profanity along with his ordinary conversation, evidences the greater sin and greater weakness. He gives the impression that he is afraid of his own words and

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statements; that he needs must add profanity to give them weight. He advertises to the world that he possesses no emphasis in language which may attract, and, therefore, resorts to the sin of profanity. He does not enrich himself, and makes his hearers poor, indeed.

When parched earth has just been wet with rain and the sun again shines forth, it seems that every branch and bud lifts itself in gratitude and praise for a renewal of life. The big outdoors looms grateful and happy after the shower; everything that lives and grows in the open is returning thanks. Then how is it that man, who is lord over all that lives and grows in this world, can so debase himself, can become so blind and ungrateful, as to lift his head and call on God to damn his creation? It is beyond understanding.

To take on the sins which finally destroy us, we must get our minds and hearts in condition to receive and nurture them. There is no better way to prepare the mind and the heart for these sins than by the use of profanity. Curse, swear, and damn, and all the little devils that creep and crawl will hurry to you. Since you have left open the door, they will enter. You speak a language which they know, which they can understand, and your profanity is an invitation to them to come in and abide with you.

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## *Chapter XVI*

### PURE IN HEART

A GARDENER was busily engaged in preparing the ground for his flowers; laborers wheeled loads of fertilizer to the flower beds, and then mixed it thoroughly into the soil. The day was dark and dreary, and the ground was cold and gray. As I watched, it appeared to me the most uninteresting work I could imagine. But I passed that way many weeks later; dozens of people had stopped to look at the beautiful flowers that grew in the garden. The white and crimson of it seemed as if God had kissed every petal into life for His children. Then I thought of the patient, dreary toil of that gardener.

Your task on some back street in life may seem to you hard and burdensome. Perhaps the hours are long, the compensation small, and the chance of promotion to a better situation dark and obscure. Would you take heart, increase your horizon, gain courage? Would you trim your lamp of faith and hope? Then learn from the work of this gardener. Carry to your work a clean heart

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and a clean mind. As you cast selfishness and sin from your heart, you start growing beautiful flowers of love, helpfulness, and courage; thereupon, the children of this tired old world will look you up, and, as you hearten them for the burdens which they must bear, you also will take heart, and so travel up the road of joy and gladness.

Once we learn to cleanse the heart, it is so easy thereafter to form contact with God, whereby he helps us to keep it clean. Then the mind prepares a bed of clean thoughts, and in a little while beautiful flowers spring forth in the way of good deeds, helpful service, and a love of fellow man. If one can just keep God's watchful care over the premises, the evil thoughts which creep into the heart will be weeded out, and only his flowers spring up and grow.

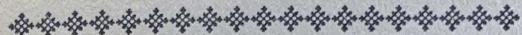
One night a young fellow staggered into my study and said, "Judge, I want you to lock me up, I'm a thief." I thought him drunk or crazy. That boy held a position of trust, and he was short several thousand dollars. He sat there, broken, with nerves shattered and poured out the sad and pitiful story. He had finally gotten to the place where he could not sleep, so he wanted to go to jail. Once he had come fresh from the farm, straight as a string and clean as a hound's tooth; then he fell in with bad asso-

ciates; he quit going to church; he left the company of good people; he listened to cheap, sordid stories, and read degrading literature. He drove from his heart every clean and wholesome thought; and long, long before he had touched a penny of his employer's money, he had become a thief—in his heart he had become a common thief. That boy had failed to keep his heart pure, and so he went where the days are long and the walls are high.

Not long ago a boy was explaining to his friend why he did not go on a wild party, which had come to grief before the night was done. "They pressed me to go," he said, "but mother's words kept continually ringing in my ears: 'Remember, son, now that your father is gone, you must take his place, so do nothing that you would be ashamed for him to know.'" What that boy may not have known, but what I want you to know and to keep in mind is that a clean heart throws out evil thoughts, and calls in and holds only the good. Evil thoughts will, to be sure, keep coming in, but so long as the heart is pure they cannot find lodgment; they cannot take life in a heart that is pure.

Read clean literature; keep company with good, clean people; make it a rule to hear a good sermon each week; and read at least a verse from the

Bible each day. Thereafter, it will not be long before these little devils called evil thoughts will forget your telephone number; they will cease to call you up. As you grow flowers of love and joy and unselfish service, God's weak and erring children will whisper as you pass, "Blessed are the pure in heart."



### *Chapter XVII*

#### CLEAN LITERATURE

THERE is an old adage, "Show me the company you keep, and I'll tell you who you are." We might give to the world another, which, in my humble judgment, is just about as accurate: "Show me the books you read, and I will tell you what you are."

Some one said that we gain eighty-five per cent of our knowledge through the eyes. If this be true, then certainly we come close to a true estimate when we say that the opinion of seventy-five per cent of the people of the world is made up from what they read. You doubt this, you say, for the reason that so many people do not read; yet those people who do not read form their opinions almost exclusively from those who do read.

Say to the everyday man or woman that they should not read certain books or magazines, and immediately such a suggestion becomes a challenge, and they straightway procure them. They do not want to admit, even to themselves, that

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they can be influenced by such reading; nevertheless, that is exactly what happens.

One does not eat poisonous or unwholesome foods, since, in the end, it means bodily suffering; and yet men and women will read sordid literature, never noticing, and never, perhaps, fully realizing that they are poisoning their minds. It is just as necessary to keep the mind unsmirched as it is the body clean.

Attempt to teach the child life of your community to drink and to gamble, and it will instantly call forth a protest from every religious and civic body in the community; and yet, in nearly every town and village throughout the land, parents sit quietly by while their children read cheap and sensual literature until they have poisoned their minds. Thereafter, they love cheap gossip, cheap company, and delight in conversations that smack of the ugly and sordid.

Readers of this kind of literature show up in a sitting-room conversation like a lightning-rod on a house. We are walking advertisements of the books we read—we can't get away from it. Engage us in conversation at any length, and what we read will stand out like a red light down the track.

At the opening of the nineteenth century, education was not regarded by England as the busi-

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ness of the nation. Nearly all the teachers of private schools had been failures at everything else they had undertaken. At that time, education was the business of the parents and guardians. While England boasted of some institutions of learning, the nation itself was not interested in educating its subjects.

At the opening of the century, and up to 1825, the surgeon, the chemist, the attorney, the butcher, and the baker in England were required to prepare for their occupations, but not the schoolmaster; he was free, without examination or qualification, to open a school anywhere. Some of the private schools were intolerable.

Then, in 1839, a young man gave to the world a history of these schools, portraying the teachers and the pupils. All the debasing sordidness came to light, and all England was aroused. *The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby* was discussed in highway and byway, in taproom and parlor. It shook England to her very foundation. It touched the pride of the breed. It reached down and gripped the hearts of men and women from every walk of life, and they demanded that the government right this great wrong which was being done the child life of the nation. The English folk are a splendid race, even when at peace, but arouse them and they are magnificent. Charles

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Dickens, in *The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby*, changed the course of this great empire. The country set to work to build schools and to employ teachers; and hence the great educational system of England today.

Mention the Yorkshire schools and Mr. Squeers in any clime or under any sun, and they are known. The story has been told in every tongue worth the speaking. I would rather be the author of that book than ruler of any government, and I would gladly acclaim it as my child, against any fortune that time and history have given to mankind.

Disraeli, Gladstone, Franklin, Washington, and Jefferson worked for men; but Charles Dickens set the child life of his country free.

Yes, show me the books you read, and I'll tell you what you are.



### Chapter XVIII

#### THE MYSTERY OF MUSIC

A GOOD definition of music has never been given to the world because true understanding of it cannot be expressed. The depth and breadth of the soul are its only measure, and the larger the soul, the better will be its understanding of music.

There is music that touches only the physical; the lilt of it calls forth action; the hearers desire to dance and to move the body in rhythm to its cadence and strains. The soul does not register this music; it does not interpret it.

The master musician who interprets soul music rarely ever reaches the heights without suffering and heartache. It is the price he must pay.

I listened one night to a master of the mystic violin; he was little, weazened, and ugly. The story of his life had filtered in with his coming. It was said that he had been only a fiddler in youth; the one woman who had ever appealed to that little man refused him and twitted him for his lack of ability, saying she could never live

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out her life with a common fiddler. He put away the fiddle and wandered, a vagabond, over the world, until one night he walked into a resort and found in the corner of the dimly lighted place a fiddle, on which he began to play. His was the hand of the master; he did not see the gathering crowd; he did not see the flashing eyes and eager faces; he was telling them his story, and it came from under the bridge of what had been, until that night a fiddle, but now, in his hands, a wonderful violin. That little man had grasped and understood its mysteries. He was a master, and the world so acclaimed him.

As I sat far up in the gallery, it appeared to me that his hand trembled as he tried to make the bow of that violin do his bidding. But soon it found its place. He forgot that vast audience, and was himself forgotten in his playing.

First, he led me away to a little home that nestled among the pines. Honeysuckle was climbing the walls, and the creepers hugged and kissed the chimneys, while the sunlight filtered softly through the window on a cradle where a child slept as its mother watched; it was tender and peaceful. Then his music seemed to come between me and the picture of that happy home; with the next flash of the bow it came back, but with so different a setting. The mother knelt by

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the cradle of her dying child, whose big baby eyes were fixed on her wonderful face. She crooned one of those mother songs that only a child can understand, until he went away, with a smile upon his little face and a prattling word of welcome on his lips.

\* \* \* \* \*

Then he led me through fields ripe with the harvest; the wild grapes hung by the way, and the apples were ripe in the orchard; the dying sun painted the woodland to burnished gold; the shadows crept up from the river and fell against the old home place on the hill. I walked with him in the shadows to the window of that home and watched the happy family kneel in evening worship. I wanted to enter and linger there, but he called me away with a flash of that bow.

\* \* \* \* \*

It was a mansion, splendid in its setting. Lights flashed from every window welcoming us to enter. Inside, pictures of the masters adorned the walls, rich in tapestry, gold and gray. In the nursery a man was watching his children retire for the night. His was a strong, sad face. "The mother of those children forgot them one night," whispered the violin, "forgot her home, forgot her

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husband, forgot her God, and went away." I looked on that man's face and wanted so much to be led away; it was a picture of cold, gray ashes; his face haunts me still. Then the lightnings flashed, and the storm clouds gathered, and the rain beat upon me, until I was cold and wet. Then came the mother and begged that she might come in to her babies. "I want just to see them, just to kiss them, just to kneel with them in the lights and shadows of our home for a minute," wailed the violin. But she was turned from that door and forced back into the night.

\* \* \* \* \*

The music of the master led me to my old home place—it was Thanksgiving, and my mother greeted me in the doorway—the picture holds with me, even yet: the hallway, the table, the food, the prayer of thanksgiving, the familiar faces. It was wonderful! It was glorious! Their faces beamed on me. The tea-kettle sang from its familiar place and called back the old trundle-bed days. But with one flash of that bow, he blotted it all out, and I stood alone in the room with curtains drawn, and looked into the face of mother, so quiet, still and peaceful. I thought of how many, many times I had hurt her, wounded the mother heart of her! I tried to shut out the

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thought by closing my eyes, but she was still there, peaceful, Oh! so peaceful! I stooped and kissed her cold brow, while the violin whispered, "Why didn't you do that when she was with you, when her heart could have thrilled to it?"

\* \* \* \* \*

Oh, Music! you have the power to lift the veil and let the spirit look and listen; you mark the dividing line between the beasts and men; you compel mankind to put away selfishness, greed, and hate. You have discovered the pathway to the soul!

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## Chapter XIX

### A L O N E

IF you would accomplish anything worth while, if you would win success, if you would put out of your life the errors and latent faults that hinder and hold you back, then make a practice each week of separating yourself from the crowd and there, alone, study and think seriously about life and about yourself. Become a fair and impartial judge of yourself and of your acts and conduct. Search out the faults and errors. Look up the weak spots in your character. Make this a habit.

Every editorial, every book, and every worthwhile magazine article were written by men and women who were alone. These are the children of thought. They were not born in some dance hall; they did not come to life at some banquet-board or in some merry company. They found life, perhaps, in some dingy office, far removed from company, as the writer sat alone and turned thoughts into words. Every great speech was thought out alone. Every great and good law

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was first prepared alone. The inspired men who gave the Bible to the world, in all probability wrote it when alone.

I am downright sorry for people who are not able to spend an hour in solitude; they crave company; they want conversation. They dare not be alone, so they run away from themselves and get into a crowd. They harass their fellows by calling them up over the telephone to talk about trivial things, of no consequence, just to get away from themselves. Hundreds of men and women who are alone and at work are harried by these "bugs."

The automobile, the radio, the telephone, the electric light, and a thousand other inventions of man were dreamed into reality by men and women who worked them out alone, far removed from the surging and noisy crowd.

"And when he had sent the multitudes away, he went up into a mountain apart to pray: and when the evening was come, he was there alone." This Christ was a student. What he gave to the world in sermon and in thought was born when he was alone.

Would you increase your faith? Would you dispel the doubts and fears that creep in and make you afraid? Then spend an hour alone and think on these things.

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The noise and the bustle, the stress and the strain of the crowd, are continually sapping your faith, and they strip you of your poise and morale.  
Keep company with yourself for an hour.



*Chapter XX*

THE WASTE OF A LEGACY

WHEN Providence gave the outdoors to the children, he was not satisfied to provide the necessities, but added the luxuries; not stopping here, he seemed to have been almost extravagant when he leaned down and splashed the hills and valleys with the white and crimson of his flowers.

The wanton waste of the Big Outdoors is appalling. From the days of the pioneer to the sunset of last evening, man has been ruthless in his destruction of the legacy of field, forest, and stream.

From the plains of the West, the buffalo has long since vanished; gone are the elk, the deer, and the antelope; gone are the beaver, the otter, and the long line of fur-bearing animals, nearly all are gone. The guns and traps and snares of the overlords of this earth have done their work, and these wild things live only in the stories of yesterday.

The streams and lakes that once teemed with

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fishes of every kind and variety are almost depleted. Man was not satisfied to take his fill with hook and line and lure, with trap and net; these methods were too gentle; they lacked finesse; they left something for the younger brother; thus man, selfish and glutinous, resorted to the use of poisons and high explosives, which destroyed all life in their wake. They have done to death the wealth of the waters.

The small game is fast disappearing. Gone is the wild pigeon, and plover and dove are on the way. The quail has been driven into the fastness of the swamps and jungles and will soon live only in the past. The bag limit has called forth a challenge to the true sportsman, but the game vandal is doing the small game to its death.

Recently I visited the mountains and listened eagerly for the bobwhite, but not once did I hear him piping to his mate from the woodland. In our ruthless quest for pleasure, we are soon to write his epitaph.

We instill into each generation a set idea—that it may waste the legacy of the outdoors. We seem unwilling to partake of this legacy, to enjoy it, to preserve and conserve it and then pass it on to the children. We seek its destruction and death.

The woods along the highways hold out to the

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passer-by buds and blossoms. They make a picture of loveliness and beauty that may be enjoyed by the travelers and sojourners of every generation; but the wasteful children are fast stripping them of their beauty. Each day sees occupants of automobiles bringing to hamlet, town, and city loads of these flowers; they strip the woods of branches and twigs along with the flowers, and soon these road-borders of restful beauty will go to join the slaughter and waste of yesterday.

We have murdered the forests. Not content to take the trees that grew up through the centuries and manufacture therefrom a thousand implements of service and luxury for mankind, we spurn the land which grows them. We refuse to plant trees in the place of the monarchs we have felled. We leave these denuded lands to the trespasser, the negligent, the vandal and the firebug, and they set the torch and murder the children of the trees.

During the past five years in the United States fires have burned approximately one hundred seventy-six million acres of our forests, the total loss in timber and property amounting to one hundred eighty-seven million dollars and one hundred human lives. These figures take no account of the incidental destruction of the wild life.

Would that the spirit of James Oliver Curwood,

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that great conservationist, that defender and protector of the legacy of the children, might ride forest and stream and stand sentinel on every mountain.

It was late autumn. Jack Frost had slipped in with his paint brush and touched the woodland to old gold and brown and red. The giant oaks stood like sentinels along the way: One hundred years of life. The Cherokees knew them intimately. They had known four generations of men. The vines and creepers and moss had come to live with them.

As the sun rode down the west like some ball of fire, an automobile filled with a happy company motored down the roadway. The sweep of the road made the oaks stand out like plumed knights in armor of gold. As the motorists laughed and chatted, they lighted cigarettes and cigars and flung aside the burning matches as they sped on their way. . . .

The next morning's sun was tardy in lighting the world; its rays worked like so many little slaves trying to pierce the smoke. The great oaks were black and stark, the flames having eaten away the foliage, and only their trunks stood like black marble shafts in some lost cemetery. An old woodsman, with eyes bloodshot from smoke and fire, gazed on the charred remnant of

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yesterday, and said, "Some of Oliver Curwood's friends are dead."

You hold in trust the legacy of the children; since the bequest requires of you no bond for faithful service, it is a challenge to you to render an honest stewardship that rises above avarice, greed, and waste. About you lies this legacy, fields, and streams, and mountains, God's Big Outdoors. He that thinks he can afford to be negligent is not far from being poor.

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## Chapter XXI

### THE RAINBOW OF PROMISE

IT is a splendid thing for me to think that there has never yet been written or spoken an ugly word about the rainbow. We have heard only pretty stories about it. It has hung there in the clouds all these years and has brought to the children of men legends and stories as beautiful as an artist's dream.

I know you have heard the sullen boom of thunder as the storm approached; you have watched the lowering and angry clouds as they rapidly obscured the blue, and seen the lightnings flash athwart the horizon; the world seemed stilled and hushed while the storm was permitted to ride unchecked upon the earth in its awful fury. You have gathered with the little children about the knees of their parents as they sat silent and listened to the madness of the storm outside—how comforting it was to be close to the grown-ups in such a moment, just to be permitted to look into the anxious face of mother. We are thrilled with it, even yet. In just a little while the sunlight

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flashes out and drives the angry clouds away and God's Rainbow of Promise bends across the sky.

It is a wonderful moment, and we hear again God's promise to his children: "I will look upon it, that I may remember the everlasting covenant between God and every living creature of all flesh that is upon the earth." It is written there in the clouds where all the peoples may see and know that God is still speaking to his children in his Rainbow of Promise, and that he yet remembers them. I like to think of it that way.

Did you ever stop to think that your life may become a rainbow of promise to the children of men? Did you know that you may so live and so act and so become known and understood that mankind, through the storms of life, surrounded by gloom and pinched by heartache, may see the rainbow of your life and, seeing, take heart again?

I am confident that it is the Rainbow of Promise seen in the motherhood of this land, that is the guide-signal to the children, making them into worth-while men and women today. A mother's life reflects the rainbow there in the clouds that has outlasted the storm. She bequeaths it to her children by her devotion, her love, and her example. Through her they come to trust her God.

The world today sorely needs men and women

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who are willing to tell people about God's Rainbow of Promise. Point it out to them and explain that it lives over and beyond the storms and that it represents the goodness, the mercy, and the love of the Supreme Ruler of this world.

"Push my chair close to the window," said a sick child, "I want to see God's rainbow." His little face was all aglow as he looked out at the great arc that spanned the horizon. Did you know that you can so live, and serve, that little children will see in you God's Rainbow of Promise, of love and mercy, and it will guide their little feet into the path that leads on to the perfect day?



*Chapter XXII*

M E M O R I E S

MEMORY has the power to lift the veil and permit us to walk down the corridors of yesterday. Though old age and infirmity overtake us, though we come to the sunset years taking the last steps painfully, with staff or crutch, memory may lead us back into the vanished years of youth and permit us for a little while to romp and play in the fields of childhood.

Did you ever sit out an evening with yourself? Oh, how memory carries you back to the old home, where mother walked through the sweet, old-fashioned garden! The lilacs were in bloom, the mocking birds held choir practice in the orchard, and the roses stood sentinel-like against the garden wall. The bees moved on the flowers in companies and battalions and the creepers hugged and kissed the chimneys. Then it is evening; the prayers were said and mother comes in and tucks the covers about you, and you can feel her soft, warm fingers through your hair as she forgives the wrongs and errors you had committed

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during the day, and her good-night kiss burns its way to your soul. Then you go drifting off to dreamland.

As the soft night closes in, and the noise and weariness of the old town come to rest, memory calls back the sweet, old-fashioned songs that mother used to sing: "Rock of Ages, Cleft for Me!" "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," and "Lead, Kindly Light." What a flood of memories! Your face is wet with tears, and there and then you resolve to become a better man.

I am sorry if you cannot look back into those yesteryears and see mother at prayer. You have missed the sweetest picture that hangs on memory's walls.

The legacy which you leave to your children may be stocks and bonds, silver and gold, but you have left them poor, indeed, unless with this you can bequeath to them the priceless legacy, when the years have swept them into manhood and womanhood, of remembering you as you knelt at prayer in the old home, in the years that used to be. Memory will make of it a priceless heritage. It will become the beacon light which shall guide them through the stormy waters of life and into the port of perfect peace.

It is a splendid thing to think that memory, after a while, may lead you again to your mother.

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Memory whispers the promise that it will be the mothers who will stand at the threshold of that other country and welcome home their children; that they will recognize the sound of your weary footsteps sooner than anyone else, and that they will be heart-hungry to take you again in their arms and kiss away all your weariness and grief.

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## Chapter XXIII

### "NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP"

THE children's prayer, "Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep," surely must have been whispered to some mother by an angel. It has come down to us from the dim and distant past. It speaks a universal language, and since the day it was born it has kissed the lips of prattling children in every land and under every sun.

Hear this prayer spoken or prayed, and immediately memory calls from out the past the form and face of mother. She it was who watched your toddling and wayward feet, in the years that used to be, with a tenderness and patience that held beyond weariness and pain, that kept pace with the hours from dawn until your lips had murmured this prayer, and your little head was pillowled on her breast at twilight, when the "Sand Man" called and claimed his own. Yes, memory pictures come trooping back—the old home, the old trundle-bed, the little nightdress—something sweet as kisses, something sad as tears.

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After mother had been teaching this prayer to her children down through the centuries, she finally walked proudly down the aisles of this twentieth century. As her children caught again the lovelight in her wonderful eyes, they cast from out their hearts neglect, and set apart for her a "Mother's Day." Yes, this prayer made a day for mothers.

This same prayer has also taught us that grown-ups are only older children. On every battlefront, after the search of shrapnel, after the withering fire of the machine guns, and after the great steel-lipped artillery had done their work, this "Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep" prayer could be heard in every tongue worth the speaking. Brave and gallant men were, after all, but grown-up children. As death called to claim its own, this child-prayer came back to their lips.

We are told that in the back area from the battlefield, after a soldier lad was dead, this beautiful poem was found among his effects. Whoever wrote it, wherever he may be, God give him thanks:

"When my sun of life is low,  
When the dewy shadows creep,  
Say for me before I go,  
'Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep.'

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"I am at the journey's end,  
I have sown, and I must reap,  
There are no more ways to mend—  
'Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep.'

"Nothing more to doubt or dare,  
Nothing more to give or keep,  
Say for me the children's prayer:  
'Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep.'

"Who has learned along the way,—  
Primrose path or stony steep,—  
More of wisdom than to say:  
'Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep'?

"What have you more wise to tell,  
When the shadows 'round me creep . . .  
All is over, all is well, . . .  
'Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep.'"

I have seen woman; I have seen her walk the primrose path, accompanied by youth and beauty, when life was stretching away to the fore; I have seen her at the brilliant and dazzling ball when all men acclaimed her queen; I have seen her when she loved and was happy enough to forget that this tired old world was not heaven; I have seen her standing among a wilderness of flowers and heard her words of promise and the admonition, "What God hath joined together let not man put asunder," when the music was sweet and dim;

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and then I tell you I have seen her with her chosen mate, when peace and contentment brooded over the silent hills; but never have I seen her so regally beautiful, never have I seen her so like an angel, as in the nursery of an evening's twilight as she was teaching her children to pray, "Now I Lay Me Down to Sleep."



## Chapter XXIV

### THE ENEMY OF PROGRESS

DOUBT lives on the same street, side by side, with Suspicion and Denial; and when Knowledge, the friend of Progress, goes to work, Doubt and his neighbors cast stones at him as he passes on the way.

Doubt has ever been the deadly enemy of Progress. He stands at the birth-bed of life, and at its close leers into the casket of every failure. Along life's roadway bleach the bones of countless thousands who walked with Doubt, and thereafter, at his invitation, sat down to wait; and waiting, died.

The Wright Brothers, Edison, and Marconi were beaten and stoned by Doubt and his boon companions, Suspicion and Denial, and the world joined in derision and ridicule. But when they had routed these enemies of Progress; when they had flown over obstacles; when they had lighted the world for the groping children; when they had whispered their messages through space, the fickle and wayward children rushed in to acclaim them immortal, and these impostors, Doubt, Suspicion,

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and Denial, mingled also with the crowd, the while they smiled, smirked, and applauded, and laid claim to a share of the inheritance these immortals had bequeathed to the children of men.

Do you see that skyscraper with its tower in the clouds? Do you see that roadway stretching like a band across the hills? Do you see that mighty bridge that spans the river? Do you see the streets, and buildings, and farms, and fields, and comforts, and luxuries? The heroic souls of this earth, sometime, somewhere, have beaten back Doubt, Suspicion, and Denial, and have bequeathed this wealth to the ungrateful and wayward children of the centuries.

Doubt is never a student, never a dreamer, never a worker, and never a builder. He is a first cousin to Ignorance, and is the deadly enemy of Knowledge, Faith, and Progress.

"Choose you this day whom ye will serve."

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## Chapter XXV

### BEYOND THE CREEDS

"THE weakest part of a man's creed is that which he holds for himself alone; the strongest is that which he holds in common with all Christendom."—McVickar.

Sorrow, suffering and sin have each wrought tragedy, stark and cold; and where you have been able to touch the lives of these sufferers, to warm and comfort them with the love and mercy of your Master, they cling to you; they want to be like you; they want to come into your church, and find and know your fellowship.

We drive from the portals of every church those who would come in, if we hold aloft the torch of intolerance and criticism of other creeds and churches. Erring mankind is soul-sick, hungry, cold, and naked, and they seek a haven of rest and repose, and if love is not found in your heart and in your life, your creed will not reach them; without action, it is dead. If they find you in argument with your fellows, bitter and critical of

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other religions and creeds, they turn away from your church and from all churches.

If you are possessed of a religion, of a creed, that leads you to love every church, to claim each of its members as your comrade and friend; if your love of mankind makes you want to see all the wayward children come into your church, and, if not yours, then into some other, you are tenting toward the brotherhood of man.

We were not consulted when we came into this world, and we will not be consulted when we pass out. We are only responsible for the span of years from the birthbed to the grave. Churches and creeds seek to help us in living this life to its fullest and best; each seeks to give us a key which will open the portals to a better world. After all, we are travelers bound on one great adventure, and life is too short and rough to jostle each other along the way.

Far back in the hill country, as a boy mine was the duty to carry the grain on each Saturday to old Brown's mill. I loved the task, for I could fish while I waited for my grain to be ground. The roads to this mill were many: one from Fry Gap, one from Warrenton, one from Guntersville, and my road. I can vision them yet, stretching away in the mellow glow of an autumn sun. The old miller would come out, all white with the

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grist, and take the grain from my horse. On every occasion his query was the same: "My lad, what kind of grain have you ferched?" Never once did he inquire which road I had come. So I am thinking, when you come to the end of the trail, the Miller of the Universe will not ask which road you have traveled, but will want to know the kind of grain you have brought.



### *Chapter XXVI*

#### INTOLERANCE

AS FROM poor and under-nourished soil springs a weak and scrawny plant life, so from ignorance springs the bigot and intolerant.

Three or four of our best thinkers put it this way: "Intolerance has been the curse of every age and state. . . . Nothing dies so hard, or rallies so often, as intolerance. . . . Whoever attempts to suppress liberty of conscience finishes some day by wishing for the Inquisition. . . . It were better to be of no church than to be bitter for any. . . . The devil loves nothing better than the intolerance of reformers, and dreads nothing so much as their charity and patience."

The dignity and calm of the Christ were to the fore when he answered his critics: "For John came neither eating nor drinking, and they say he hath a devil. The Son of man came eating and drinking, and they say, Behold a man gluttonous, and a winebibber, a friend of publicans and sinners." The people were not willing to listen; they wanted

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nothing of this religion of the Carpenter; and possessing little, intolerant souls, they sought to take his character from him by calling him names.

Nothing in literature is more fascinating than the study of the program which put over this religion of Christ. Without armies, without steel-lipped guns, without sword or pike, it was carried to the people. Its advocates suffered and bled and died in every city worth the naming that then existed, and at no time or place in early days did this religion have the support of those in power. Not one law was written in its defense until long after it had found life in the hearts of thousands of people. All the way, its advocates begged of the bigot and the intolerant to give it a trial.

Hereafter, when you are tempted to answer the intolerant in his own tongue, I would have you see an old man, nearly blind, all but worn out, sitting in a dungeon along the yellow Tiber river at Rome, writing letters of courage to his little churches. Yes, I want you to see Paul, as he sits there by a dim light, writing, writing, day after day, letters of hope and courage. Nothing of bitterness seems to have taken root in his great heart. He comes to the end of the trail telling us, "I have fought a good fight."

This religion of the Christ is now the dominant

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religion of our republic. Churches and temples call to worship countless thousands in his name each week. That he asked for the forgiveness of his enemies as he suffered on the cross has been set to song and story. His religion is the religion of tolerance. Marrying the beauty of it, beclouding the freedom and holiness of it, can now be found men and women who seek, in the very name of this religion, to punish those who differ from them. They crucify the Christ all over again, and they mock the long line of our dead who established this religion of love and mercy.

You have not been appointed judge or sheriff in your community. The Christ religion is one of love, mercy and forgiveness, and when you earnestly practice these virtues, the children of men will want to be like you, and, in trying to be like you, they will find your Christ.



## Chapter XXVII

### "MEN OF LOW ESTATE"

AS ONE day the Master went down a Galilean road, a poor blind beggar called to him from the throng which stood by the way, "Thou son of David, have mercy on me." The people standing by tried to hush this bundle of rags; they upbraided him for disturbing the Christ; but the poor old blind thing cried out the more. If other than the Man of Sorrows had passed by, this wretched man would probably have appealed in vain. It certainly would have been unseemly for an honor guest entering a city to stop and converse with a beggar; but this Christ called him out from the throng and healed him.

This line of conduct—this patient tenderness on the part of the Christ in ministering to the weak and the lowly—was what Paul was speaking of when he said, "Condescend to men of low estate."

When we meet and embrace success, when we walk arm in arm with achievement, we are wont to look upward; we become climbers; we hunger

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for the society of the great and the near-great. Then, in a little while, we lose the common touch; we look above the poor and the weak and the sick and the distressed. Thousands of these unfortunates are anxious for a little advice from us; they want a word of cheer; they are staggering under heavy burdens, and now and then they fall by the way. But we do not see them, since we are busily engaged with success and new-found companions. We dress well, we keep the right kind of company, we dine with the right crowd and belong to the right kind of club, and when conscience speaks softly of the duty we owe those of low estate, this dapper fellow, Success, steps in and forbids such an unseemly line of conduct as ministering to them.

It calls forth sorrow and regret when a successful man, who has climbed life's ladder until he is recognized by his fellows as a leader, comes to be so ashamed of his poor relatives and friends that he ignores them and will have nothing in common with them. They are no longer in his set and do not measure up to his class and standing.

When the Black Death spread itself like a pall over Italy the good queen of that land left her palace and walked among the victims and ministered to and prayed for them in the streets. Like a fragile lily she stood above the stricken.

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Her influence, love, and devotion became the inspiration which led her people back to health and happiness. As she lay dying, she called an attendant and directed that the curtains be thrown back that she might see the great throng who were kneeling in prayer for their beloved queen. "After all," she said, "queens become only puppets unless they live in the hearts of the people who toil for bread."

You may succeed, you may become one whom the world acclaims great; but your life has been a mockery and a failure unless you have ministered to God's weak and erring children and held ever before them the beacon light of his love and mercy.

You should try to succeed in life, to make money and to take places of power and trust. But when you come upon those who are weak and lowly and walk in the shadows, at all times and in all places be brave enough to condescend to men of low estate.

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## *Chapter XXVIII*

### EXHIBIT A

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN said, "Experience keeps a dear school; but fools will learn in no other, and scarcely in that; for it is true, we may give advice, but we cannot give conduct."

That man has traveled far on the road to success who can profit from the experience of others. Give me a young man who can see error in others, and profit by it, and I will point you to one who is almost certain to become successful.

Thousands of men and women are slowed up on the road to success for the reason that they must leave off traveling to attend the school of experience, and, failing to graduate from that school, we find them in the ditch at every curve of the roadway.

You see the wrongs and mistakes of others, yet you do not profit by them, for they make no impression on you. They are not stamped indelibly on your mind and in your heart; and so it is that you must learn by actual experience.

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An old man passed down the street the other day begging for work; he needed money for bread. Years ago that man, young and handsome, was a leader in society; throngs crowded around him seeking his company. He was jolly, witty, and an acknowledged leader; then he fell to drinking and to dissipate in other ways, until finally he was thrown out of employment. He went on down the ladder of life from the ballroom to the cellar. Since that time he has lost faith and hope; he has come down to the sunset years just a shambling old figure, pathetic and tragic. I watched a hundred young men pass him by—to them he was just an old man. Had they looked up his record, and thereafter used his wasted life as a citation and a warning, it would have kept them in the high ground of life's roadway and away from the pitfalls. They had eyes, but saw nothing.

Not long ago I walked by a misshapen and pathetic figure sitting on a street curb, selling pencils. He could not walk, for his limbs were drawn and shrunken and his feet were distorted and lame. Physicians and surgeons have some name for this disease, but to me he resembled some great wounded animal at bay. Yet he was a human being; he possessed a soul, for he smiled and thanked those who made purchases of him. He was paying the price for some dreadful dis-

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ease he had contracted years before. Young men also passed this mendicant by—to them he was just a beggar. Yet here was a life lesson, a red light that should have warned them of dissipation. They had eyes to see, and yet they saw not.

The papers recently told of three young men who had been holding up people; they finally met the police and shot it out, a running gun battle. They lost. Such men always lose. Not one moment of their lives, up to their inevitable downfall, was a constructive one. They had played a game that has never been won. Possibly a thousand young men read about those boys, and yet few learned anything. They read it, but they did not make a mental note of it. It was not a real life lesson to them. They had eyes to see, but saw not.

Don't wait for old Professor Experience to take you into his school. Look about you. If you have not eyes that see, remember that there is an oculist on nearly every corner and an object lesson on nearly every street.

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## *Chapter XXIX*

## YOUR OLD MAN

IN THE marts of trade,  
down where business shunts everything into a sid-  
ing and holds the main line, have you stopped to  
observe an old man seeking work? He is pathetic,  
he is tragic, as he is shoved and pushed out of  
the way and on to a sidetrack. No one wants him,  
business will not stop to listen, and so he stands  
there in threadbare garb, old and shrunken, peer-  
ing out on the busy scene, hungry for bread.

The day will come, if you are spared length of years, when you will be called upon to take care of just such an old man. It will not be an invitation; you will not be asked to contribute; society and the laws will demand that you care for an old man like unto the one just backed onto the siding. Yes, you must one day take off your coat and put it on an old man down the roadway, and thereafter walk and talk and live with him until you reach the end of the trail.

Since you are compelled to take care of and live with an old man later on, you may well be anxious

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to know something about his health, his habits, his culture, his refinement, and his education. What he does, what he says, what he owns, and how he lives will depend upon what you give him, will depend solely and absolutely on you.

Do you belong to the average class of young men who live on next month's salary? Do you run with a pretty fast set, playing fast and loose in society? Do you keep late hours and burn out your morale? Have you taken on latent habits and sins that eat like a cancer into your moral fiber? If so, then you are going to give your old man down the road a diseased body and mind, dress him in a shabby coat, and send him shambling down the roadway neglected and shunned by his fellows.

Do you keep good company? Do you read good, clean literature? Do you work with an eye on the place higher up? Do you save a little of your salary each month? Do you pay your honest debts? If so, then in the days that are to come you are giving your old man a healthy body and a clean mind, and surrounding him with friends and loved ones who will find him companionable and happy and contented.

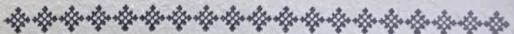
The insurance people have compiled some searching statistics. They tell us that one hundred healthy young men now at the age of twenty-five

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years will be in one of the following classes when they reach the age of sixty-five years:

One will be rich;  
Four will be fairly well to do;  
Five will be still working for a living;  
Thirty-six will be dead;  
Fifty-four will be dependent on friends, relatives or charity for support.

✓ I would have you take stock of yourself. Check up on your character and your ability to work and to save; the company you keep; your mind and your heart and your body. Some day you are going to take off your coat and put it on an old man; and just how you live and work and play will decide very largely what you will be able to give your old man. You will find him down the roadway at milepost sixty-five.



*Chapter XXX*

WHEN WINTER COMES

OLD age lives in the past. It envisions the fields and streams of childhood. It does not look down the road, but back up the beaten trail. It has lost the power to perform the tasks of youth, to wield effective blows, to sow and to reap, and to gather the golden grain: Winter has come. Old age sits in the shadows and calls upon youth to listen to the feats accomplished in the years that are dead.

When the hot blood of youth, pressing ever onward and continually calling for action, fails to listen, old age retires farther into the shadows and grows more lonely.

There is a homely old adage that runs, "A father and mother can care for ten children, but ten children cannot care for a father and mother."

An old mother once said, speaking of her children, "When they were young they would tread on my toes, and now that they are old they tread on my heart."

Last year an old man walked into court and

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begged to be sent to some institution—he did not seem to care where, but said that his children were not willing to take care of him. Here was an old man who was in the way. There was nothing in the storehouse for old age; he was decrepit and childish; he toddled as he walked, and to strangers he poured out his pitiful story. Possibly, back up the way, he cared for and nurtured his children, rocked them to sleep at night, and tucked the covers about them as they slept. Now that Winter had come, not one of them was willing to care for him.

There is another angle to the care of the old. If you are not willing to reverence and care for your old and infirm; if you can bring yourself to make them unhappy by harsh and unkind words or neglect, then you must expect your children to do the same for you—when Winter comes.

The world will pause to watch, to admire the young who reverence and care for the old. It is so beautiful, it is so tender, that the sight of it will always command selfishness and greed to stand by and pay silent homage.

Ascertain how the young life of a community treats and cares for its aged, and one may know instantly the kind and character of the people in that community.

You are buoyant and strong. God has blessed

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you with health and friends and loved ones; you have youth; you have food and raiment and home. I would have you turn to see that long line of old people passing in review. They are silent, bent, and, in many instances, poor and obscure. They do not hear very well, and many of them carry hearts that are breaking for lack of love and companionship. They need and they desire your reverence and affection. They are entitled to it. They have earned it. In the years that have gone they blazed the Indian trail into a roadway; they threw bridges across the streams, planted vineyards and trees, erected churches and schools and homes, and turned a wilderness into a land of peace and plenty. They did all this for you, and now they are passing in review, marching to the sunset—Winter has come.

The Lawgiver has said, "Thou shalt rise up before the hoary head, and honor the face of the old. . . . Hearken unto thy father, and despise not thy mother when she is old."

Gratitude has said: Now that Winter has come, now that they are old and the sun of life is painting cloud pictures for them at sunset, we shall kindle the fires of love and devotion, place our arms about them, lead them to easy-chairs, and there, in the firelight's ruddy glow, warm them into perfect peace.

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## Chapter XXXI

### ALMOST

ALMOST means nearly.

Nearly means almost.

Almost a doctor, almost a lawyer, almost a farmer, almost a business man, almost a mechanic, and almost a stenographer—not quite, but almost.

It is said that "good-bye" is the saddest word in our language, but I am committed to "almost." It has stood between countless thousands and happiness and success; between them and religion; between them and God.

Almost is the gateway between success and failure. If you tarry at this gate, then you become an "almost." More men and women have stopped, have tarried, and then have permanently lived at this gateway, than live in any one city or state of this great republic. They have not succeeded, neither have they failed altogether—they have *almost* arrived.

It has filtered out to the world that the British almost captured the Dardanelles from the Turks; the defense cannon held their last round of ammu-

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nition, and were ready to surrender when the British retreated. They almost captured this stronghold. Just in the darkest hour they gave up. Thereafter was written almost a heroic army, almost a victory, and almost an early ending of the World War.

Some one has said that "On the plains of hesitation bleach the bones of countless millions, who just at the dawn of victory sat down to wait, and waiting, died." To pass beyond this gateway of "almost" to success, one must have the courage to work, and with it the will to hold on, to keep on working when everything goes dead wrong, when seeming failure stalks across the way unhindered and unafraid and clangs shut the gate.

Failure walks with those who do their work with half a heart. Many men and women carry their bodies to work each morning, but their minds are elsewhere. They keep the body with the position, but permit the mind and the heart to wander away to other things and other places, and so it is that they become members of the Ancient and Independent Order of Almost.

The Christ chose as his disciples men who worked. He did not pick up a lot of Pharisees, a lot of ne'er-do-wells, loafers, hangers-on, and men-about-town, who sat and argued about how the government should be run. Not at all! The

men who put over his program did not belong to the "almost" class; they were workers, acquainted with toil, and willing and ready to go to it. They worked in the temple all day, and then went out at night and slept on the ground. They walked the dusty highways, and although hungry and footsore, they carried on. They were ridiculed, stoned, and persecuted, but still they worked.

King Agrippa listened to a great sermon by Paul. It carried an appeal, a conviction that touched the heart of this monarch, but to subscribe to it would endanger his peace and comfort, and bring his power into peril. He answered it by saying, "Almost thou persuadest me." On that day came to life the Ancient and Independent Order of Almost, and men and women have been joining it ever since.

I am wondering if your dues are paid in this order.



### *Chapter XXXII*

#### A BONUS

GONE are the crowds and hushed are the singers who sang and danced before this young hero, David, after his signal victory over the giant Goliath. He is alone, forsaken, and fleeing for his life, for the reason that King Saul has become jealous of him and is seeking to destroy him. If he is to escape, if he is to live, then all this must be accomplished by his own efforts. In his haste, he has left without weapons, and he is only able to secure the sword of Goliath, for the reason that he has placed it where it may be found.

"And David said unto Ahimelech, And is there not here under thine hand spear or sword? for I have neither brought my sword nor my weapons with me, because the king's business required haste. And the priest said, The sword of Goliath the Philistine, whom thou slewest in the Valley of Elah, behold, it is here wrapped in a cloth behind the ephod: if thou wilt take that, take it;

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for there is no other save that here. And David said, "There is none like that; give it me."

Do you get your living by whipping steel, by running trains, by farming, by working in a counting house, store or shop? Whatever you do, and wherever you work, what do you put into your business? Is it just a place where you put in so many hours and then draw your pay? Do you leave in your business each day something which can be drawn out when it rains, when the clouds are dark and lowering, and when everything goes wrong? Can men and women see in your business your heart and nerve, sinew and character? Does each stand out big and bold and clean? If so, then you have in it something which will serve you when you are not able to serve yourself; you have a bonus coming which will, in all probability, aid you in outriding the storm.

Just after the war, when many men were caught in the backwash, a business which had been big and prosperous went down in the crash. The man at the head of that business had been cutting the corners; he had been breaking his contracts; he had been breaking his promises. He was making money fast; he did not need friends; it was not necessary that he keep his word. Everything he touched seemed to turn to gold. Old Man Business regarded him as being shifty and

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tricky, but why should he worry, he had the money. Then came the crash; he was caught in the eddy. He needed money. He offered his business to his bankers as security. It was worth much money, but the fault with it was that this man stood in the front door, and all he was able to offer these bankers and lenders was what he had put into that business. This added security consisted of broken contracts, broken promises, and a shady character—so he went into the discard.

Your place in life seems poor and ugly and sordid. You are discouraged and ready to quit. You want a chance to show what you really can do. If you are to get it, if you are to forge ahead, then let the world see a spotless and unsullied character in the little job you are now holding. Let it see a willing and honest worker; let it catch a vision of you putting into that job each day something more than you are taking out, and then the world will make a place for you farther up the ladder.

When the crowd was going, when the dancing was over, when the hero worshipers had fled, this young David had to find a sword, and he found one where he had placed it.



### Chapter XXXIII

#### YOUR RATING IN THE BREAD LINE

IT HAS been said that the top-notch, the A1, men and women are mentally only about eighty per cent efficient. The twenty per cent inefficiency is due either to undeveloped brain cells or to some defect in the thinking process. Those who are leaders—the bankers, railroad builders, doctors, surgeons, lawyers, inventors, statesmen, and a hundred others who stand at the top—are about eighty per cent efficient.

It has been found, also, that we may run up and down the scale of our efficiency as the days go by much as the music master may run the scales.

Take the sixty per cent man, making about six or seven thousand dollars per year: let him keep late hours, eat and drink to excess, and his sixty per cent may be run down to a very much lower scale. If he keeps this pace, he takes to his work a forty per cent man, or perhaps less.

In your community lives a man who is intelligent, industrious, and honest. He is a sixty per cent man. He does not own a car, cannot keep up

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with his fellows, owes much money, and is not able to succeed. He works—never takes a day off—and yet does not succeed. You cannot locate the reason, the fault. It may be that the cause of his failure lies hidden behind the doors at home. If that man comes home to a wife who whines and nags, who meets him at the door slovenly dressed, places in his hands the overdue bills, laments the fact that they do not possess a car, and, along with his lunch, feeds him only her troubles and complaints, it is certain she will send back to the bread line to work for her a man whose earning capacity has been run down the scale almost to zero.

The husband and father who lugs home with him his business worries and cares, who greets the family in the evening with scowls and mutterings, who finds fault with everything in the home, whose wife trembles when she asks for money with which to run the house, cannot expect this wife to help his children grow into leaders, eighty per cent men and women. He has destroyed her efficiency. She may be sixty or seventy per cent efficient when normal, but this husband's conduct has run her efficiency down to the danger point.

Years ago a man suddenly became deranged. He had called his wife to him before he was sent

to an insane institution and confessed that he had another wife from whom he had not been divorced. This man did not, and could not, succeed. He was a keen business man, and knew his business from top to bottom. The fault lay in the fact that only a shell of a man worked at it. His efficiency was impaired, and his crime ate like a cancer until it wrought his ruin.

What is the real habit, what is the clinging sin in your life that has retarded your growth and your accomplishment? Is it envy, is it indolence, is it greed and avarice, is it some latent sin? Let's get right down to the root of it. Let's look it in the face. You can deliver to the trades or professions a seventy or eighty per cent man. You have the goods, but you have failed to deliver. You are not yourself in the bread line. You have left efficiency at home or elsewhere and carried with you to work just an old shell of a man, just a hulk. Moreover, this condition has obtained for so long that you are so far back in the line, the bread you get is stale.

Let's find the cause and then pluck it out. The world needs you at your best, and God will accept nothing short of a fair return on His investment.



### *Chapter XXXIV*

#### DAMAGED GOODS

I WAS shown through a big cotton mill not long ago. When we came to the cloth-room, they showed me a counter on which was placed goods marked "Damaged." They looked good to me, and I said as much to my escort.

"Not so," he said. "If you will look closely, you will find that each piece was culled because it was found defective in some way." As he turned the goods on the counter for my inspection, he continued, "If we put it on the trade, they will find it out and will not come this way again."

A young man came to me for a recommendation, and in giving it, I told him I could introduce him, but added, "Men are going to try you out, and unless you ring true you will go into the discard, regardless of what I may say of you."

Recommendations are easily obtained, but they do not go far. Business wants to know first-hand what you have to deliver, and in the summing

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up, if you show only a lot of damaged wares, into the discard you go.

Tomorrow, perhaps, you may wish to sell yourself in business or the professions. Don't get it into your head that you can fool people; you may do it for a few days or for a few weeks, but you can't get away with it permanently. Did you ever look into the mirror and ask yourself what you had to deliver to the world—what you possessed that men in business would be willing to pay for? Try it tonight, and get acquainted with yourself.

If your associates are bad; if you dissipate and play fast and loose with women; if the real things of life have no appeal to you, just for the reason that you are fooling the old folks, Big Boy, don't conclude that you can fool business. If your goods and wares are all damaged, Old Man Business will find it out, and you will be backed into a siding. You can't get away with it long. Old Man Business is very old, but he wears "specs."

The other day a young woman confided to me that she was being underestimated and misunderstood; that she had been twice refused a raise in salary by the department in which she was working. She explained that her father was from the direct line of Colonel So-and-So, and that her mother came from the blue-blood of Mr. Blank.

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I tried to make her see just how wonderful it was to have illustrious forebears but that unfortunately for her, her department was not dealing in titles.

I fell to talking with a young fellow about a subject in which he was vitally interested—himself. He said, "I have been given a pretty rough deal; the general manager has run two other boys around me." He was the picture of discontent as he continued, "They have not been with the concern as long as I, and do not know as much about the business. I call it rotten." He was bitterly resentful as we talked about it.

"What do you do with your spare time?" I finally asked.

"Well," he said, "I spend one evening each week with my girl, and one night away from home with my work." He looked out through the open window and continued, "The remainder of the evenings each week I run with the boys. I am a regular fellow, you know."

This young man never found the time to read or to study, never the time to spend an evening at home. The fault with that boy was that his goods and wares were all damaged, and the general manager of the railroad where he worked placed him where he belonged—on the counter with the damaged goods.

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Don't try to fool yourself! When Old Man Business looks you over he is going beyond your recommendations and the standing of your forebears. He is going beneath the surface to find out about your heart and your mind. He never quarrels with you. He never tries to beat you down. He just pays what you are worth, and no more.

Don't try to get acquainted with Old Man Business until you have made pals of Common Sense, Work, Courage, and Loyalty. They will help you a long way with the Old Man.

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### Chapter XXXV

#### THE COMEBACK

THE story of the prodigal son has been the subject of more sermons and lectures than any other parable in the Bible. The preachers and teachers have certainly given him a hard time. This prodigal boy did throw his money away in riotous living; but we have not dwelt enough on his comeback.

The escapades of this boy occurred in a foreign country; but bad news always outrides good news, and his doings and misdeeds speedily came back home. People knew about his mad capers and failure long before he decided to come back to the old man. The entire neighborhood had been talking about him.

Let's look this boy over: He strutted away from home with money and friends and went into a foreign country. He lost every cent in riotous living; he went right down to the swine. One fine day, he looked Hunger, stark and naked, in the face. All his errors and sins came trooping

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out like phantom shadows to mock him. He was completely down; he was completely whipped; he was ragged and hungry, in a strange land and without a friend. He met a situation which confronts every boy that goes wrong. When the dancing and merrymaking were over, when his money was gone, his "friends" deserted him. He had tried that old, unbeatable game, and the laws of compensation threw him for a loss.

The comeback did what a thousand others before him had done, and what nearly every boy in his condition since has done. He got right down and prayed. He groveled in the dust. He discovered his errors and mistakes, and he hungered for the lights and love of the old home; he wanted to go back; he was willing to be a servant; he was starved out, beaten, and undone; and his conscience stung him like a whip.

When this comeback made up his mind to return, he was not able to beg a ride in an automobile or to cross the country in a freight car. He was compelled to walk. When he was nearing home, his father came out to meet him, took him in his arms, and kissed him. What a father! Every boy in the world ought to love that old man. This comeback played square with him and told him he wanted to be his servant; but the

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old man himself had evidently sowed a few wild oats in his day, and he saw this boy was telling the truth—that he wanted to come back. So he dressed him and carried him into the house and ordered something for him to eat. Thereupon the entire household proceeded to rejoice and make merry.

When the brother of this comeback returned from the fields, he sent in a servant to find out what all the noise was about. I want you to get this, he sent in a servant. I conclude that down in the fields this brother was sending and bidding his servants. He was, no doubt, a good boy, but he had not injured himself at work. How he "panned" the old man for taking this vagabond, this comeback, in! The music ceased, it grew strangely quiet in the old house; the servants and merrymakers slipped out one by one, and this poor comeback, looking out through tired and haunted eyes, listened to the railings of his brother.

Since that eventful day, conditions have not changed much for the comebacks. They meet the same rebuffs and jeers. When they creep back to the house of the father, penitent, and broken, and undone, their brothers sit in the seat of the scouter and make them uneasy and afraid. There is no light of welcome in their eyes; they

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do not forgive; they look with suspicion and scorn upon the wayward and the erring. Yes, these brothers who never do wrong scarcely ever do anything else. Moreover, it takes a hero to come back and then stay back when he comes.



## *Chapter XXXVI*

### THE ELEVENTH COMMANDMENT

IN AN upstairs room, one night, a Carpenter and his guests sat about the board at the end of supper. Thereupon the host took water and washed the feet of his guests. It was a menial task, and as he performed it, he patiently explained to the company that no man could become master until he had first learned to serve. This Carpenter was going on a long journey, and as his great sorrowful eyes fell on the company he said: "A new commandment I give unto you. That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."

Moses, the great lawgiver, had given to the ages the ten commandments. They had marked the way for right living and right thinking for centuries. They had long proclaimed the law of justice, but that night in the upper room this wandering Carpenter added a new commandment —the Eleventh.

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The companions of the Carpenter were to carry out his program, to put over his philosophy, his religion. And did you ever stop to think that it was along this line that they should live and be known? The Eleventh Commandment is his religion in tabloid.

All these supper guests, save one, turned out to be his disciples, and all along the way they only begged a chance for this new religion. Without beat of drum, without scream of fife, without pike or sword, and without influence from the men who were then in power—on the contrary, bitterly opposed by them—they put it across. It has come down to you blood-bought and blood-washed; its exponents, all the way, furnishing the blood and the sacrifice, for the moment perhaps losing, only in the end to win with this new religion. This religion has never yet won by law a battle that remained won. All the ground gained, all the strongholds taken by its adherents have been won and taken by those armed with this Eleventh Commandment.

At every milepost in history, this religion of the Carpenter has been held up by those who claimed to be its advocates. With narrowed vision, with spirits cruel and intolerant, from the arsenal of hate they forged weapons with which to belabor those who differed from them. The chil-

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dren of men mistook them for followers of the Carpenter, and ran away in fear and trembling. Those brave marchers who have been armed with this Eleventh Commandment have beaten back smug ignorance, intolerance, and cruelty, have scaled mountains of bigotry and prejudice, and have hurdled all the chasms and pitfalls 'twixt Catholic, Jew, and Protestant that have been digged by hate. It is truly a religion of tolerance. By this token shall men know that you possess it.

In the suburbs of my town, a few years ago, stood a statue of General Robert E. Lee. It had gone to decay and had finally fallen among the weeds. A young woman from Brooklyn, New York, who had moved to the South, started a campaign and raised the money to purchase a lot and to have that statue made over and placed there. The General stands there tonight, with his face to the North, still grand in the death-mask of defeat. It filtered out in a little while that this Brooklyn girl's father had been a union soldier! Now, on Memorial Day, we decorate the graves of the Blue and the Gray together. I know little of religion, and less of dogma and creeds, but this Eleventh Commandment of the Carpenter, once it is practiced, uproots the weeds of hate and encompasses all mankind in one brotherhood.

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It was Christmas night, and a storm was raging outside. A happy company was there to receive the presents from the Christmas tree. Our hostess left her guests and stood in an alcove, looking out into the night. Her eldest born was not there. His name was not to be called that night. He had fallen in front of the enemy guns at Argonne. We sensed the sorrow and pathos of the moment and sought to comfort her and relieve her sufferings. She turned her big, sorrowful eyes full on us, and said, "I am glad tonight that the people of the North know that we of the South love this nation better than we do silver or gold." Little do I know of religion, and less of dogma and creeds, but this I know: This religion of the Eleventh Commandment, if it can have its way, will cement this Republic into one mighty brotherhood, and once it finds its way into the hearts of men, they will literally love this nation into peace.

Using this Eleventh Commandment as the principal working tool of life, you will not have time to envy or to hate. It will give you a vision of unfinished tasks, of little pinched faces that are sad, of burdens too heavy to be borne, and, as you come to relieve them, you will measure to a life four-square, big in service, and brave and tender in love.

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Then, sometime, when the shadows have a little longer grown, when the nurses come and go softly about your room, when the shades are drawn; when the doctor holds your fevered hand for a moment, but silently shakes his head and walks away, then you will find courage enough in this Eleventh Commandment of my Carpenter to walk down to the river, smiling and unafeard, meet your pilot face to face, and with that master-poet, Robert Service, say:

"Master, I've done thy bidding,  
And the light is low in the west,  
And the long, long shift is over;  
Master, I've earned it,—Rest."

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## Chapter XXXVII

### SOS

HAVE you listened in on the radio when, all at once, the sending stations became silent? The laughter, the music, and the merrymaking were hushed? A stillness fell upon the world. Then you heard from some far-off tower, perhaps washed by the sea, the low, droning hum of a radio instrument; it was in code and you could not interpret it. The radio operator in that tower had received the S O S from the sea. Business and pleasure stood aside while the operator made contact and located the longitude and latitude of the vessel in distress. Some ship in distress had spoken out of the night, and the lifeboats and cutters would soon be on the way.

Every vessel and bark that had caught that "Save Our Ship" message, if it was within radius to lend aid, went immediately to the rescue. For it is the law of the sea that, when a ship is in danger, through failure to outride the storm, or has gone upon the rocks, or is aground, breaking

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up, every vessel that can reach her goes to the rescue and stands by.

The heroism of our seamen and sailors, of our radio operators and lighthouse keepers has thrilled the world. They have set examples for us; they have charted the way through the shallow waters of fear, away from the rocks of selfishness and ingratitude and out into the ocean of faith and service.

Careless and wayward children are putting out to sea in frail and defective barks. They are arrogant and thoughtless and must sail uncharted waters. They too often sail without chart or compass. The storms will dash against them, drive them upon the rocks, wreck and break up their frail barks, and they must in the end go down to certain death unless you are willing to man the lifeboats and stand by.

You have grown impatient; you resent the careless indifference of youth to the dangers that lie out ahead; they will not take advice; they will not listen; and so you are ready to quit.

Remember, the verities of life, the religion of love, and the gospel of forgiveness, were handed down to you from those who once sent in the S O S signal, and thereafter willing hands rescued them and gave them back to the world.

Peter denied the Christ and went back to the

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old life. He was drifting out to meet the storms, to come in some day a wreck on the tide. The Master Life-saver drew him back into the strait and narrow way. Impetuous, big-hearted, and wayward, Peter stood there with the sorrowful eyes of the Christ full upon him, searching him through and through, and asking the question over and over again, "Simon, son of Jonas, lovest thou me?" After Peter answered each time the Christ called on him to "Feed my sheep." It is the SOS call of the ages.

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## *Chapter XXXVIII*

### RICHES

ALL along we have been overlooking many of the wealthy men and women of this country. The papers continue to tell us of high finance, and about the stock-market earnings of our men of wealth. Reading of the millions and millions they have piled up, one grows dizzy thinking of what they can buy with it, what they can do with it; but I am passing on to you a new kind of riches.

The other day a girl and boy graduated from one of our leading colleges, sister and brother. The mother and father of these children are getting along in years. They live back in the country, and how they have pinched and saved! Those parents are not educated, as we know education. They are just plain, honest folk, possessed of a passion to see their children have a chance in the world. How their faces beamed as they told of the struggle and sacrifice they had made! To me, just now, they are no longer poor. They are rich, very rich. They are sending down to the

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fighting line, in the marts of trade, two fine children who will in all probability make this old world a better place in which to live.

Back in the hill country lives a man who at this time is about fifty years old. He is the eldest of a family of children who were left orphans. He refused to have his sisters and brothers separated. He has never married, just lived on the old farm and reared the family. The last boy, the younger brother, is graduating from a medical college. This elder brother has tilled the old farm and in turn has given each of his sisters and brothers a good education. His old shoulders stoop, his face is seared and worn and the silver is creeping into his hair. All the children have gone to the city, have married and are prospering. This elder brother has little which would hold your attention, if you should meet him, but to me he is one of the really rich men of this country. As his sisters and brothers do big things in the world, as they are acclaimed prosperous and happy, as they make the world cleaner and bigger and better, I shall always picture that rich elder brother back in the hills.

Not so long ago, hundreds and hundreds of girls and boys entered college. I would have you vision the mothers and fathers in the background of their lives. Many of them are toiling and

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denying themselves to give their children a chance in the world, a better chance than they had. I want you to see them; I want you to know them, to the end that you may see and know some of the really rich people of America.

A mother died in Birmingham not long ago; she did not bequeath to her son goods or chattels, stocks or bonds; and yet, in all the years I have known, not so rich a legacy has come to my attention: "I wish my son, A. H. Woodward, to know that he has never given me any cause for unhappiness or worry during his life, and it is my desire that he remember me as giving to him a perfect love." How many of us would be glad to give every cent we own in the world to have our mothers feel that way about us! I shall always think of that son as being one of the richest men in this republic.

I would have you catch a vision of a bigger and better life—a richer life. If the world is a better place because of you, if you have gone into partnership with love and have routed hate and envy and selfishness, if little pinched faces that were sad before you came now look up and smile, Dun and Bradstreet may have overlooked you, but all the same I count you rich.



## Chapter XXXIX

### THE BANQUET

As on the night of Belshazzar's feast, the world has been searching for men and women who know how to do things.

Belshazzar, the king, gave a great feast to a thousand of his lords. They drank and reveled until late at night. Then it was that this drunken king sent for the golden vessels which had been taken from the Temple at Jerusalem. Bear in mind that this king did not take them. They were the spoils of his father. It is probable that many social climbers tried to get invitations to that banquet. To be invited meant that one had arrived. It is best described as being a close-up affair. When it had reached its height, when the guests were warmed by drink, it would have been worth one's life to assert that they and their host did not possess all the wisdom to be found in that kingdom. But let us sit in with them and see what happened. At a late hour there came forth fingers of a man's hand, which wrote over

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against the candlestick, upon the plaster of the wall. That handwriting threw the king and his guests into a panic. No one could read it; no one could interpret it. Some of the king's sycophants and climbers tried, but they disappeared like pawns from a board.

From that hour to this the "want" columns have advertised for men. Big business, the professions, and the world of commerce generally are today looking for men big enough to hold down responsible positions. They have scouts out looking for real men; but these scouts do not find them where revelers and drinkers banquet and hold sway.

Listen! Do you expect to take the desk higher up if your every minute away from work is spent in having a good time? You cannot get on if you keep only your body at the job and permit your mind to scamper off and play. It is not done that way. The very heart of you must glory in your work.

A banking house was looking for a man to take a responsible position. Two young men were recommended from the same town and the same counting house. One was bright, always on the job; but when away from work, he ran with the good-time boys. He was a good dancer, drank a little, and played a fairly good game of poker; he was the brighter and by far the more popular

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of the two. The other was a plodder, sober, honest, and thoughtful, and was always coming back for more work. He didn't think much about the clock; but he knew the banking game from runner up to where men waited to speak with the president. The plodder is working in the East in a responsible position, while the boy acquainted with the good-time set is still hanging on down among the whispering pines.

The story goes that a huge machine went dead in a busy factory. The foreman could not get it started. The superintendent tried, but still it would not work. The engineer of the plant failed to make it go. An expert was called in. He tapped for a little while with a hammer, and the machine resumed its grind. He sent in a bill for two hundred dollars. The superintendent thought the bill too high and asked that it be itemized. It came back like this: "For tapping with a hammer, seventy-five cents. Knowing where to tap, one hundred ninety-nine dollars and twenty-five cents."

There never was a time in the history of the world when clean young men were so badly needed as today: men who do not dissipate; men who have clean minds as well as clean bodies—moral men. Sooner or later the reviver, the good-

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time boys, and the bubble-and-foam followers must make way for them.

Stick a pin in this: When the king wanted a real man, one who knew "where to tap," he waved aside one thousand lords and called in Daniel.

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## Chapter XL

### THE PRICE OF LEADERSHIP

THERE is an old Irish saying: "The way to the superintendent's office lies through the mill." That is, no man can become master until he has first served.

The master builder looks over the blueprints, and as his mind takes hold of the proposed building or structure, he can see through it the toil and labor of his men; this for the reason that he has first served in the line. Long before he gave orders, he learned to take orders and to obey.

Another Carpenter puts it in this way, . . . "but whosoever will be great among you, shall be your minister; and whosoever of you will be the chiefest, shall be servant of all." This is the crux of leadership.

The head of one of the leading automobile accessory companies was once a railroad man. He overlooked an order and was fired. His friends said he was finished and was on his way to the discard. He opened a little accessory place, and began at the bottom. He first impressed the trade

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with his accuracy. Every nut, every bolt, and every tap had to be right before the car went on its way. He was not paid for doing all of this; it grew to be a part of the service he gave. He now owns a great plant and is counted wealthy.

"Tell me about your success," I said to him one day.

"Well," he answered, "when I began this business, I lost sight of who was boss. I worked up carefully through every branch of it, and I kept that railroad failure ever before me. There I had been the boss of the train; I left much to others, and was jealous of my position and the authority it carried. I thought more of being boss than I did of the exacting work in hand."

He stood in the doorway of the great plant, hands on hips, masterful and straight, his keen eyes flashing the soul of him out to me as he told of his career. "Here," he continued, "I keep close to my men, serve with them, plan with them, and play with them. If there is a weakness in an automobile, we point it out and warn its owner. Long ago men have come to trust me, and they have built for me this business."

Frank Woodruff is known all over the country as one of the leading composers and orchestra leaders. He was a member of the orchestra that played for Woodrow Wilson on the *Mayflower*.

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It is told of him that when he commenced to play the violin his playmates advised him to give it up. They laughed and jeered and pointed him out as a "fiddler." He kept right on at his lessons. While his playmates romped and played, Woodruff kept right on at the fiddle, trying to get acquainted with it. When the shadows had a little longer grown, those same boys who had jeered and ridiculed were eager to pay the price to hear this master of the mystic violin.

An old engineer who drives one of the fast express trains was busy oiling around, when a young man approached him. "I want to be an engineer," said the young fellow. "Tell me how to get on."

The old engine driver pointed to a great heap of coal, tons and tons of it. "Young man," he said, "are you willing to pay the price?"

The boy followed the gesture to the coal heap with his eyes. "Tell me," he said, "what will it cost?"

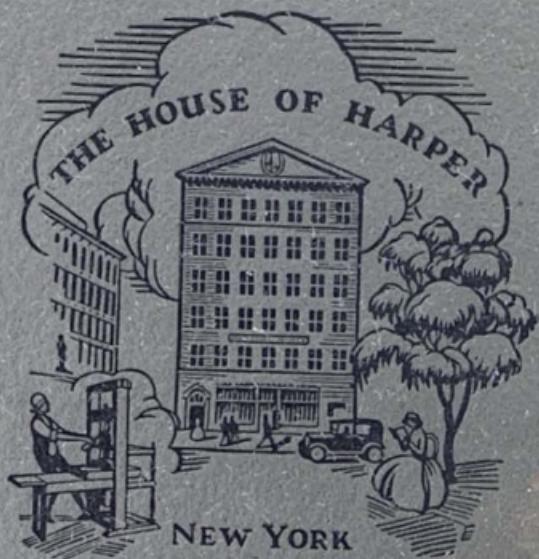
"Well," continued the old engineer, "between you and the job of engineer lie hundreds of heaps of coal. You must feed them into the fire box, through the rain and through the cold; you must learn so to love this thing of steel that it will become a living thing to you; then, when the task is finished you must still carry on."

Perhaps you have failed, made mistakes, lost

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money, friends and position; your job seems very small and insignificant. Would you take heart again? Then learn to serve, learn to obey, and throw character into the work you do.

Christ served as a carpenter; thereafter he ministered to the weak and lowly, to the lost and undone. He was scoffed, spit upon, and ridiculed, and finally went to the cross. When you see this cross, graven in gold and silver, perhaps studded with jewels and worn on the breasts of men and women, I would have you remember how and by whom it was made immortal.



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